

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



NAVARRE OF INDO-CHINA
In the green jungles, a Red nightmare.



An apple for the coroner

It was a habit that Julie's mother encouraged—an apple every morning at recess time “to keep the doctor away.”

Soon it will be collected, along with the rest of the “evidence,” to be tagged and placed before the coroner. It will help tell the story of a tragedy. A little girl, almost late for school, hurrying onto the very last street she must cross . . . a driver on the highway suddenly seeing the signs and . . .

There will be the question of guilt. It will make no difference to Julie's mother, nor to the driver whose own world has just been ruined. But the question will haunt this town until the real criminal has been dealt with. And that is the highway itself. Pitifully out of date, intended only for light local use, it carries now a steady

rush of through traffic, back and forth in front of the school. Signs are everywhere, true, warning driver and pedestrian to be alert. But when there's a little girl hurrying along and she's almost late for school . . .

Bypassing the town would take some tax money. But it would keep faster moving cars and trucks where they belong, out in the open country. Maybe the idea will get a little action—now.

How about your own town? Perhaps your streets are crowded and dangerous, too, because you need a bypass. Then support your highway officials and their plans for road improvement. Keep your town the kind of place where it's safe for a little girl to hurry.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

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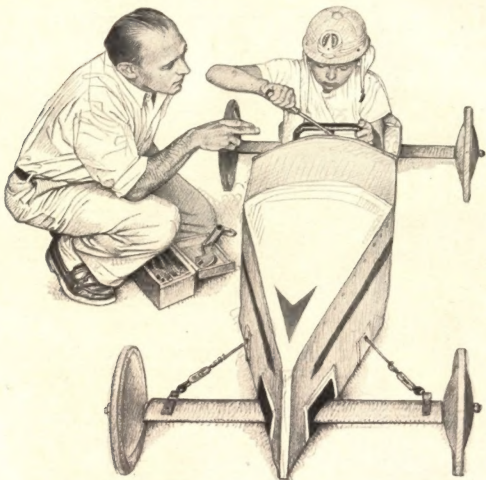
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This new road will bypass the town and the school.

WHEN YOU THINK OF SAFER
ROADS, THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW
MACHINES THAT BUILD THEM. ECONOMICALLY





The Soapbox Derby's over now—but there's no question who will be the winner next year. It's just that a whole year seems an eternity to a small boy. But as a boy grows up, his horizon moves farther away and the years seem to pass a lot more quickly. Maybe you've noticed that the years aren't quite as long as they used to be. That's why right now is the best time to make plans—and get those plans down on paper with the help of a Massachusetts Mutual man.

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Rowell

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LETTERS

Now Is the Time

Sir:

Re Dulles' statement [Sept. 14] on the Chinese Communists: at last, a Secretary of State and Government that let the world know where we stand.

For 15 months we lived under the Communists in China. Constantly students came to me, asking: "What does America think of this?" "What will America do about this?" I had to admit that I did not know. They never had to ask that about Russia. Everyone knew . . .

I do not agree with everything Secretary Dulles says, but I am tired of diplomatic doubletalk. We do not have to be blunt and offensive, but it is time we were honest.

(THE REV.) OSCAR A. GUINN JR.
The Parkman Street Methodist Church
Dorchester, Mass.

Tribute to Skinny

Sir:

May I compliment you upon your article [Sept. 14] in tribute to General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright IV, my honored and beloved uncle? This was not only an outstanding piece of journalism—crisp and straight to the point (as Skinny himself always was), but it is also the only account which my mother (his sister) and I have so far read which . . . does not contain some slight error or inconsistency. Moreover . . . it projected that ringing thing which was Skinny's peculiar genius—that steadfast belief in and love of his country (a composite emotion, nobler even than the love of man for woman, or of mother for child). I hope your delineation of his character and life has served to give the mushy middle of our citizenry some pause.

I'm glad you started the piece with *Fiddlers Green*. Skinny used to recite this to us sometimes, over a glass of "bourbon and creek-water," after another funny poem about the mechanized cavalry, *Alouishins Gas N' Oil*. . . I wish you could have seen him once as I did at a Hollywood party, after all the egomaniacs had pitched their

♣ *Alouishins Gas N' Oil*,
Defender of his native soil,
A colonel of horse
In the mechanized force . . .
He led his troops to the battle scene,
He led them full of gasoline . . .

latest promotion line, as he stood very straight and sang *Should auld acquaintance be forgot* with tears in his eyes, thinking of those men who died beside him . . .

Bel-Air, Calif.

BETTY MEARS

Pretty Antidote

Sir:

My sincere congratulations for your article on Miss Audrey Hepburn (TIME, Sept. 7). Such a stimulating antidote to all the recent publicity, relating to a sad analysis of the deterioration of values among a fraction of our womanhood . . .

DR. L. F. V. P. VANDERHORST
Summont, N.Y.

Sir:

You quote some fellow [Producer William Wyler] who asserts that "that girl is going to be the biggest star in Hollywood" . . .

When you come to think that Jan Simmons was only 18 when she gave her brilliant performance in Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*, you start wondering whether [24-year-old] Miss Hepburn hasn't started too late . . . Her soulful looks will take her far. She's pretty . . . But I'd like to see her future work way over par before taking my hat off to her . . .

Madison, Wis.

ELMER JACKSON

Sir:

I am writing to thank you for providing me with one of the major thrills of my career: your cover and story in TIME. It is hard to say quite what I feel, but I would like you to know my sincere and grateful appreciation. Nothing could be more exciting, and no one could be happier than I.

The members of my staff whom I met for the many interviews were all so charming and very kind that the whole experience was interesting and such fun to do.

AUDREY HEPBURN
Hollywood, Calif.

One Short at Dinner

Sir:

Time's Sept. 7 review of *Maugham's Choice of Kipling's Best* leaves unclear the reason why the Indian member of a polo team visiting the officers of another regiment (in *The Man Who Was*) ". . . could not, of course, eat with the mess." This might lead some readers to infer that it was because of

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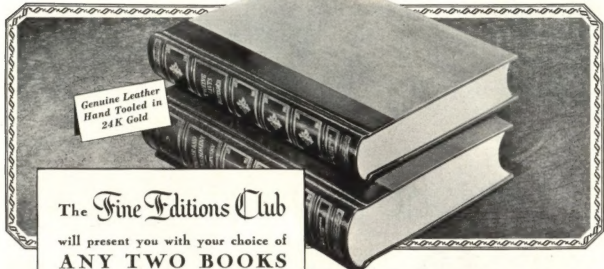
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September 28, 1953

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British insularity or snobbishness. The reason was that the Indian officer's caste might be broken if he ate with nonbelievers in his religion.

The same situation is touched upon in Kipling's poem *The Mother-Lodge*, where the membership, in addition to Protestant Anglo-Indians, a Jew and a Catholic, included a Hindu, a Mohammedan and a Sikh, so "we durstn't give no banquets / Lest a Brother's caste were broke" . . .

J. A. McNEIL

Toronto, Canada

Sir:

. . . Tell your reviewer to check back, and I'll bet a complete set of Kipling against a 3¢ stamp he'll find it was the Ressalidar's prejudices—not those of the mess—that prevented their eating together.

J. CHARLES THOMPSON

Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

. . . In *The Man Who Was* Kipling wrote: " . . . There entered a native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not, of course, eat with the alien . . ." His own choice; not that of his hosts. His religion would not have permitted him to eat the alien's food, drink his wine. Altering "alien" to "mess" clearly implies Kipling meant the native had been excluded, perhaps by racial prejudice . . .

J. VALE DOWNIE

Beaver Falls, Pa.

¶ Kipling also believed that there was ambiguity in the phrase "he could not . . . eat with the mess"; he therefore altered "mess" to "alien" in later editions. Editor Maugham's version was set from early editions.—Ed.

Who Taught Teacher?

Sir:

Your report [Sept. 7] on Albert Lynd's sizzling new book *Quackery in the Public Schools* is a cheering note of hope to those who are justifiably alarmed at the incredible stupidity and totalitarian tactics of some of the "educators" to whose care they must entrust the training of their children . . .

But, at the same time, another article (in the same section), mentions a new high school where, "through an elaborate closed TV circuit, observers can tune in on any classroom at any time." This is something right out of George Orwell's *1984* . . . It's going to be a long pull, Brother Lynd.

IRA M. FREEMAN

New Brunswick, N.J.

Sir:

I am disgusted by your repeated attacks on American education, of which your review of Lynd's book is just another example. All your "oceans of piffle" are based on the same hackneyed theme that if only John Dewey and William Heard Kilpatrick and their ideas had never existed, then education would be far better than it is . . . Your war should not be directed against educators who are earnestly attempting to improve the profession but against conditions which foster substandard teaching . . . Substandard teaching has its origin in the community, not with John Dewey . . .

LESTER H. ROSENTHAL

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Sir:

I am very grateful for the review of my book . . . but I am sorry you used the phrase "Oceans of Piffle" as the heading of the article. It is a felicitous one to designate much of the content of *Educationism*, but it is not original with me. In my book I quoted

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permanent antifreeze in the radiator.

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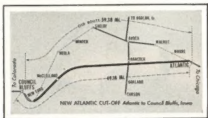
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it, with credit, from Professor Harold L. Clapp of Grinnell College, a scholarly critic who discerned the shoddiness in Educationism long before I did.

ALBERT LYND

New York City

Sir:

... Permit me to say sadly, "How true, how true." The fact remains that despite all of this effort to try to make children happy in school, it leaves them uneducated for the most part... School should teach people how to study... how to read, how to concentrate on really tough subjects, to persevere in them and to conquer them...

As a member of the armed services, I am faced, for the first time in my life, with a group of men who are near illiterates. They do not read to enlighten themselves, or to inform, or even to entertain. If it hasn't got pictures, most of them are stuck. What is the result? In a first-class bureaucracy like the modern army or navy or air force, with its myriad regulations which one must be able to interpret and analyze to get along, we have boys who do not know what they are doing, or why, and never will...

DAVID W. BROWN

San Antonio

Sir:

The review brings to mind a comment from a teacher (in Texas) about some children from California schools, which have gone to, put it mildly, hog-wild over modern education: "They're pretty weak on the fundamentals—they can't spell, and they don't write legibly; they can't read well, and they don't know much about arithmetic. But they're beautifully adjusted—they just know that they know everything"...

BARBARA MARSH

San Diego

The Ten Lost Tribes

Sir:

Whilst appreciating the honor TIME [Aug. 31] bestowed in featuring the teaching of the British Israel World Federation... I would like to correct the impression made by the use of the word "cult." As the *Oxford Dictionary* defines this as a "system of religious worship," the federation pleads "not guilty," for it is an interdenominational organization; it has no church status... It is an organization... of all the recognized Christian denominations... We believe in the Second Coming and the establishment of His Kingdom on Earth (and) in the continuity throughout history of the whole House of Israel from whom the Celto-Saxon race is descended... It is not to be dismissed as a heresy or a spare-time hobby...

HAROLD E. STOUGH

Secretary

The British Israel World Federation
London

Sir:

... The British-Israel theory is complete nonsense, as anyone with the slightest knowledge of history, anthropology or philology can tell. Using the same method of the similarity of names, it is possible to "prove" that the American Indians are descendants of the ancient Greeks; the Kiowas came from Chios, the Croats from Crotona, the Aleuts from Eleusis, the Chilkats from Chalkis!... Actually, there is no mystery about the fate of the Ten Tribes. Most of those exiled to Media died of harsh treatment; the Assyrians were the Nazis of their day; the few survivors intermarried with and were swallowed up by the natives of the region...

MORRIS SILVERMAN

Assistant Professor of History
Yeshiva University
New York City

*THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Roy Alexander

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Dear Time-Reader

Here are the replies from some of our
airborne reporters:

sound. The speed dash was done by Bureau Chief Jim Shepley and Pentagon Reporter Clay Blair over Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, each riding in a Lockheed F-94C. At 40,000 ft., the pilots went into a power dive. They broke through the sonic barrier, then pulled out of the dive at 20,000 ft. and 1 Gs.

Chicago did the most flying (165,000 miles), more than any other U.S. or foreign bureau. Says Bob Schulman: "The general theme of the Chicago bureau's relationships with the airlines is one of odd-hour flights, mad dashes and coverage of massive areas to get the regional understanding so necessary for TIME reporting."

London Bureau Chief Andre Laguerre, just back in England from a visit to New York, notes that this trip marked his 20th transatlantic flight on business for TIME. Each staff member in the Bonn bureau averages about 30,000 miles a year, "taking planes the way most people take taxis," flying to Berlin, Belgrade, Vienna, Munich or Hamburg. Says Bonn's Frank White: "This is just our 'commuting mileage,' not including flights on military planes or the deliciously rare flight home." And the Paris bureau observes: "Air travel here is like taking the bus."

From Johannesburg, South Africa, Correspondent Alexander Campbell reports that of the 15,000 miles he has flown this year, the strangest trip was from the Gold Coast capital Accra to the Nigerian capital Lagos: "I flew by West African Airways, whose emblem is a flying elephant. The passengers were mostly natives. The men wore fezzes and flowing robes, or sun helmets and white shirts hanging outside their pants. The women wore print dresses with the luggage balanced on their heads and babies slung on their backs."



The plane was also packed with freight, including crates of squawking chickens. This packed freight-passenger plane which lumbers weekly over lonely sandbars and tropical lagoons is appropriately called 'The Pregnant Cow'."

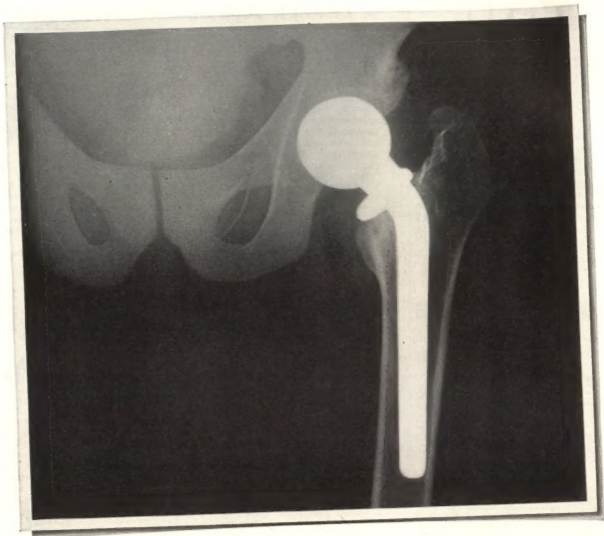
From Beirut, Jim Bell reports that he made 37 separate flights (17,555 miles) covering Middle East news in 1953, and ends his cable: "When I vacationed this year, I went to Italy by boat, repeat boat." The New Delhi bureau racked up 20,825 miles, cables Correspondent Joe David Brown, who recalls that his most memorable flight was from Srinagar, Kashmir to New Delhi in an old Dakota which was "not equipped to fly over the lofty Himalayan foothills." The course: "Dodging in between the all-too-solid looking peaks, a process which made nervous passengers think of a near-sighted man trying to thread a needle."

The Tokyo bureau, with its commuting runs to the Korean front, flew an estimated 60,000 miles in just about every type of craft out there, with one exception. Says Bureau Chief Dwight Martin: "I am hopeful that the bureau's budget for next year will include funds for a number of one-man helicopters. No foreign correspondent should be without one." Adds Senior Editor John Osborne (20,000 miles), who is a veteran Far East reporter: "I'd rather fly 5,000 miles over water with a reliable airline than walk five blocks through midtown Tokyo's incredibly crowded, noisy, free-wheeling traffic."

Jack Dowling, TIME's one-man bureau working out of Singapore, covered 27,000 miles in Southeast Asia this year, collected a bulging passport of 40 pages. It is not unusual, he says, to see smoke pouring through an air vent into the cabin from some source or other. "You notice the steward coming slowly down the aisle distributing candy. He keeps a worried eye on the vents as he comes abreast of it and closes it with the theatrical air of a conspirator. You join the conspiracy in an airplane whisper: 'Do you think the plane is on fire, old boy?' I hope not. *Miffy*, he says, the *Time* guy who never drops the name of the wind, everyone has a better air story when you start to tell yours. You begin to feel, rather unhappily, that you'll have to get killed to make any dent in the conversation."

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner



A TRAINED EYE GAVE HIM A BETTER HIP

An accident on the job fractured his left hip. Attending physicians estimated he would have nearly complete loss of its function. That's a bad blow for a man who works on his feet, and an expensive claim for his employer.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS The Law Beyond

Idea and action define each other: they either fit in mutual support or they clash in confusion. The struggle against Communism, active by the measure of billions of dollars, has been weakened by a lack of clarity at the level of ideas. Why is the U.S. against world Communism? What

yond man's capacity to repeal. They point to the thousands of arrogant and wrong-headed politicians who claimed to be the voices of God.

The Basis of Freedom. In politics, the Christian emphasis on humility is a warning against putting God on any banner; men know or at least feel the moral law, but they cannot always be certain how it applies to specific situations. Men are compelled to seek the truth, and counseled to be humble about assuming that they have found it.

In his speech to U.N., Dulles coupled the strongest recent U.S. statement of belief in absolute morality as the basic standard of politics with the humblest recent U.S. denial that it believes in its own omniscience. "We are ready to learn from others. Also we recognize that our views may not always prevail. When that happens, we shall regret it, but we shall not sulk. We shall try to accept the result philosophically. We know that we have no monopoly of wisdom and virtue. Also we know that sometimes time alone proves the final verdict."

Politically, the Christian insistence on absolute standards and the Christian insistence that man is a frail and erring creature came together in the idea of freedom: since he is free to save or lose his soul, he ought also to be able to influence the lesser matter of his political destiny.

Dulles quoted another humble American, Abraham Lincoln: "There is something in the Declaration [of Independence] giving liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time." Then Dulles brought Lincoln's sentiment up to date by ringing a resonant change on the name of the sterile and negative policy associated with the word "containment." Of the American belief in liberty for all peoples, Dulles said: "We do not conceal that conviction, and no United States Government could contain it."

The Relevance of Religion. Does it follow that the U.S. is therefore committed to a holy war for the liberation of all peoples? Dulles explicitly denied this, as a commitment or as a policy. Yet he warned the Communists that their enslaved peoples will always seek political freedom, because the springs of freedom well from the universal human spirit. He rejoiced that the U.S. example encourages resistance to tyranny, and he stands ready to assist such resistance wherever, in the circumstances, he prudently can.

In this great speech, which voices, without arrogance or belligerence, an undying U.S. opposition to Communism, Dulles made more progress at the level of ideas than he has yet made in specific diplomacy. But there is some progress in action, too.

One measure of Secretary Dulles as the champion of a moral order in politics is the rising opposition to him. For weeks



NEHRU
Faith is labeled bigotry.

does the U.S. stand for? What standards justify its policy?

Last week John Foster Dulles, with the help of his enemies, made a lot of progress in clarifying the U.S. idea. He told the United Nations Assembly that the U.S. acts on the idea that the final test of policy is the moral law, which the Creator legislated by making men the way they are. Since this idea is explicit in the first American document, the Declaration of Independence, the utterance of the Secretary of State, considered by itself, was scarcely spot news.

The news comes out of the context of the time. Many leaders in philosophy and politics either deny 1) the existence of the moral law, or 2) its relevance to politics. They recoil from what they call the "absolutism" of any political system that claims any connection with standards be-



DULLES
Freedom springs from faith.

the British soaked in the politics of expediency have been working behind the scenes to unseat Dulles. After Dulles' speech, Clement Attlee struck a public blow, professing to find "certain tendencies toward intolerance" in the U.S. approach. Attlee is still glowing from a visit to Communist Yugoslavia. No Communist sympathizer, Attlee yet feels compelled to find some good in Communism before he can cooperate with it. That is the kind of absolutism that emerges from Attlee's relativism. Dulles can do business with Tito without giving an inch in his absolute opposition to what Tito stands for. He can even outline, as he did in his speech, six areas where he hopes to reach specific agreement with Russian and Chinese Communism (see below). No note of intolerance creeps into these proposals. In spirit, they are considerably milder

than, say, the unbending British attitude toward Iran worked out by Attlee's government.

But Attlee must give place to Nehru in the matter of defining Dulles by the character of his opposition. On the day that Dulles spoke, the conspicuously unhumble Nehru rose in the Indian Parliament to denounce U.S. policy. He called it "a narrow approach which considers everything in terms of black or white [with an] element of dogmatic fervor, something resembling the old approach of bigoted religion." Nehru said that religion was all right in private life or ethics but should be left out of politics.

Not even Molotov or Vishinsky ever publicly accused U.S. leaders of suffering from Christianity. Perhaps the fact was not apparent until Dulles, in idea and action, made it clear.

A Contagious Faith

"The primary purpose of the United Nations," said Secretary Dulles to the U.N. General Assembly, "is . . . establishing an international order of peace and justice. Yet, for over three years, there was a war in Korea. A war in Indo-China still goes on. Nowhere is there a sense of security . . . Physical scientists

have now found means which, if they are developed, can wipe life off the surface of this planet. These words that I speak are words that can be taken literally.

"There is no problem which compares with this . . . problem of saving the human race from extinction. The nations are groping for the spirit and for the institutions which will enable man to dominate matter. It has, unhappily, so far been impossible to provide either the spirit or the institutions on a universal basis . . .

"Why do we fear?" Because "since 1939, some 600 million people of some 15 nations have been brought into the Soviet camp of dictatorships, and in no case has this come about by voluntary action of the peoples and nations concerned." The Soviets talk of "peaceful coexistence," but against such a background, "mere words do not instantly or totally reassure us . . . and we know that Soviet doctrine prescribes the use of such words as guile." If Communist deeds are to match words, the Communists can prove it in:

KOREA, where "one is forced to question whether the Communist side really wants to comply with the armistice and face up to the problem of withdrawing their forces . . . and creating a united and independent Korea."

INDO-CHINA, where Communist military strength "comes from a steady flow of military supplies from Communist China and Soviet Russia . . ."

GERMANY, where the Russian division "cannot be perpetuated without grave risks, for no great people will calmly accept mutilation."

AUSTRIA, where the Soviet Union has stalled a treaty for 6½ years.

EASTERN and CENTRAL EUROPE, where the people in Russian satellite nations are denied expression of their patriotism and their spiritual faith.

"It is charged," said Dulles, "that unrest only exists among [the satellites] as it is artificially stimulated from without. That is true only in the sense that faith is a contagious thing which penetrates even curtains of iron . . .

"But our creed does not call for exporting revolution and inciting others to violence. Let me make that emphatic . . . Our hope is that the Soviet Communist leaders, before it is too late, will recognize that love of God, love of country and sense of human dignity always survive. Repressive measures inevitably lead to resentment and bitterness and perhaps something more. That does not come about through artificial stimulation. It comes about because the Creator endowed all human beings with the spark of spiritual life. We can understand the particular desire of the Russian people to have close neighbors who are friendly . . . But we foresee that unless Soviet policies are changed, those policies will, in their actual operation, create precisely such surrounding animosity and hostility as Soviet policy understandably wants to avoid."

THE PRESIDENCY

Farewell to Colorado

Vacations, as every vacationer knows, have a way of seeming all too brief, and the President's was no exception. As he climbed aboard the presidential plane, the *Columbine*, at Denver's Lowry Air Force Base last week, Ike's last words were: "Boy, how I hate to go!"

Several shades tanner and half an inch slimmer in the waist than when he left Washington six weeks before, the President was "delighted" with his stay in Colorado and, according to his physician, "never felt better." But his vacation had been only a partial escape from the cares and chores of office. During the six weeks, he received 152 official visitors, signed 111 bills and 318 other state documents.

On the way to Washington last week, the *Columbine* stopped at Chicago to pick up five passengers, all named Eisenhower, who were to be guests at the White House: son John, daughter-in-law Barbara and the President's three grandchildren.

Facing the President in the week ahead was a heavy load of problems, personages and papers. But first there was more traveling to do. The second morning after his return, the President again boarded the *Columbine*, headed north for a televised



PRESIDENT FISHING NEAR DENVER
"Boy, how I hate to go!"

UNITED PRESS

speech to a \$100-a-plate Republican rally in Boston Garden (see below).

Last week the President also:

¶ Okayed the resignations of 1) Chrysler Corp. Board Chairman K. T. (for Kaufman Thuma) Keller, director since 1950 of the Defense Department's Guided Missiles Office, 2) Craig R. Sheaffer, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Sheaffer, Iowa pen manufacturer, had been on the way out ever since his attempt to get Allen V. Astin fired from his post as Bureau of Standards director detonated the great battery-additive debate (TIME, April 27).

¶ Directed the new, 15-member Committee on Government Contracts to begin enforcing no-discrimination clauses in federal contracts with private employers. Within the Federal Government, said the President, "tolerance of inequality would be odious."

His Kind of Party

This week the President of the U.S. described to a Republican audience in Boston Garden his idea of the Republican Party. It was founded, he said, "just a few months short of 100 years ago [when] the tremors of a divided nation were felt. To many, the drift toward civil war seemed fatefully sure. But there is no dispute as to the purpose inspiring the many groups who reached for a new hope and a new party which they called Republican. That purpose, everywhere plainly defined and passionately proclaimed, was to halt the extension of the institution of slavery."

"We, who shall shortly be celebrating the 100th anniversary of that party that so came to birth, find ourselves, too, living in a time dark with the shadow of dreaded war. It is a time, too, which has seen the institution of slavery—elevated now to the awful dignity of a political philosophy and inspired with the terrible ambition of world conquest—divide not a nation but the world against itself. And at this precise time again there has come the summons of the American people calling upon the Republican Party to redeem the hopes of the past and to save the promise of the future . . ."

"The record of the present Administration is too short to be anything like definitive. But the facts that are plain are also indicative of deeply held ideas of the widest meaning . . ."

"We have seen a cessation of fighting in the Korean war . . ."

"We have sent shipments of wheat to Pakistan, medical and reconstruction supplies to Korea, food to Berlin. We have promised that our country will welcome tens of thousands of refugees from the terror of enslavement in lands of darkness . . ."

"We have lifted stifling artificial controls from our economy . . ."

"We have reduced government expenditures by billions of dollars . . ."

"We have, in our respect for priceless civil and human rights, used the federal authority, wherever it clearly extends, to erase the stain of racial discrimination and segregation . . ."

"If we turn from the legislative record of one congressional session to the party history of a hundred years, we learn more that is indicative—and yet little that is conclusively clear and binding upon us today."

"This fact is not surprising. A century of history records the changes in institutions; it does not fix their mold. And this was a century of shattering change . . . Over such a span of time, the only perfectly consistent institution was a dead institution. And the Republican Party was—and is—very much alive . . . It helped mold each age and was itself molded by

impressed with the difficulties we observed yesterday than the opportunities we envision tomorrow."

"We are conservative—for we can conceive of no higher commission that history could have conferred upon us than that which we humbly bear—the preservation, in this time of tempest and of peril, of the spiritual values that alone give dignity and meaning to man's pilgrimage on this earth."

"So, in spirit, we go back through this century of wondrous change, to find that, after all, certain truths have changed not at all."



DEMOCRAT STEVENSON & SONS® IN CHICAGO
Solid against the man-eating shark.

Myron H. Davis—LIFE

each age—the extremist party in one day, the champion of something called 'normalcy' in another . . ."

"This party of ours is free. We are the political captives of no section or interest of our country—and we are the prisoners of no static political or economic dogmas ruling our decisions. [We] make decisions not in the light of some rigidly preconceived political axiom, but in the only light in which we can clearly discern what is just—the peace and well-being of our whole people . . ."

"I venture to summarize [Republican principles] in this one statement of belief:

"We are one nation, gifted by God with the reason and the will to govern ourselves, and returning our thanks to him by respecting his supreme creation—the free individual . . ."

"This is the kind of America—and the kind of Republican Party—in which I believe. I do not know how to define it with political labels. Such labels are, in our age, cheap and abundant."

"We are liberal—for we do believe that, in judging his own daily welfare, each citizen, however humble, has greater wisdom than any government, however great."

"We are progressive—for we are less

DEMOCRATS

Creeping Harmony

The Democratic Party used to be strong on tight organization and spectacular brawls. Last week, at the Democrats' off-year convention in Chicago, organization politics was hardly visible, and there were no brawls.

Cook County's Jack Arvey, last of the big-city-machine bosses, wandered aimlessly around the Conrad Hilton Hotel, his local and national power diminished in the last year. At least, the assembled pols knew Arvey. Most of them did not even recognize Richard Balch, chairman of the once-powerful New York State organization. The voice of labor was muted, too. The C.I.O.'s James Carey and Jack Kroll offered little advice and were asked for less. Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who has caused hard feelings with his demands for 100% party loyalty, was not present. Many Southern bigwigs stayed. Senate Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who does not often consult noncongressional Democratic

¶ John Felli, 17, and Borden, 21. At right, Stevenson's sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives.

leaders, was in Texas. At the big dinner, Averell Harriman had a seat out in left field, while Estes Kefauver appeared to doze through much of the speechmaking. Neither of these presidential aspirants of 1952 attracted much attention. Harry Truman was there but by no means in charge.

Wail in Peace. Nobody wanted a fight. North and South postponed a showdown on the "loyalty pledge" issue raised at 1952's national convention, and appointed a committee to study the problem. Grinned Missouri's Senator Thomas C. Hennings Jr., on leaving a peaceful Rules Committee meeting: "We are all against the man-eating shark." Adlai Stevenson, with his gift for the precise phrase, described the party's spirit as "creeping harmony."

Voters of both parties are less or less marshaled to the polls by organization. They are attracted by top candidates and issues. Since Stevenson was the Democrats' last presidential candidate, his position at Chicago as the No. 1 Democrat was unchallenged. In or out of Congress, his fellow Democrats might disregard his leadership, but no one else, at this point, was spokesman for the party.

Reporting on his travels, Stevenson obviously intended to sound a sober and eloquent appeal to reason in world affairs.

"The door to the conference room," said Stevenson, "is the door to peace. Let it never be said that America was reluctant to enter." He urged Western leaders to "think afresh" in terms of a European system of "durable assurances of nonaggression" with Russia. About Red China, he was somewhat more specific: "We owe it to ourselves . . . at least to find out, if we can, what Communist China's ultimate intentions are." He said, "When we negotiate, we have to have something to negotiate with as well as for."

Watch for Trouble. Republican rebuttal was soon forthcoming. Tom Dewey and Michigan Senator Homer Ferguson raised the expected cry of "appeasement." But Adlai Stevenson had not explicitly suggested any concessions to Communism. Truman and Eisenhower had both said that the U.S. would confer with the Soviet leaders if the circumstances offered any chance of progress toward peace. Stevenson's proposal could be read as advocacy of a "softer" approach or it could be read as a restatement of an old U.S. attitude. This ambiguity was appropriate in the leader of a party whose logical course at present is to wait and see what kind of trouble the Republicans get into.

REFUGEES

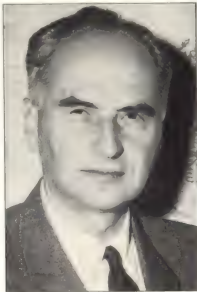
Free Man in Manhattan

Just before dawn one day last week, a greying, carefully dressed man left his twelfth-floor room in Manhattan's Chatham Hotel, where he was staying with the other members of Communist Poland's U.N. delegation. Suitcase in hand, he tiptoed down the fire stairs to the ninth floor, then took an elevator to the lobby. He left the hotel, went to the phone booth in an all-night restaurant nearby and dialed a

Manhattan number. After a short conversation in Polish, he left the restaurant and hailed a taxi. In this manner, Dr. Marek Korowicz, 50, professor of international law at Cracow University and the top legal adviser to the delegation, made his way out from behind the Iron Curtain.

The following day, in the offices of the National Committee for a Free Europe, Professor Korowicz told his story to U.S. reporters. With him was the man he had telephoned, Stefan Korbonski, who escaped from Poland in 1947; now works for Radio Free Europe. After the call, Korbonski had met Korowicz and arranged for a place where he could stay, safe from Communist reprisals.

Marek Korowicz, a bachelor with no close relatives in Poland, had spent the last seven years quietly teaching his law



United Press
MAREK KOROWICZ
Downstairs from a nightmare.

classes at Cracow. Although he never joined the Communist Party, he kept his opposition to himself and did not give the regime any trouble. Early this month, he was unexpectedly summoned to the Foreign Ministry, told that he would go to New York as legal adviser and first alternate to the delegation. He decided then to escape, but he waited until he had been formally seated as a member of the delegation before making his break.

Once free, Korowicz asked Secretary of State Dulles for asylum in the U.S. (More than 200 other Russian and satellite diplomats have similarly sought safety in the West since 1945.) Then he sent letters renouncing his Polish credentials to U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld and Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, now president of the General Assembly (see INTERNATIONAL). He wrote: "It is . . . absolutely impossible for me to collaborate with these representatives—not of my beloved country—but solely of the Soviet regime in Poland."

The Polish delegation, considerably confused by Korowicz's departure, put out a hasty statement suggesting that he was "not acting on his free will." Answered Korowicz: "I am very happy to be free in the free world. Life in Poland was a nightmare. Yesterday, for the first time in seven years, I have been able to say what I truly think."

VETERANS

The Last Mile

When Sergeant Kenneth Hemric got back to Yadkinville, N.C. (pop. 760), after 37 months as a prisoner of war in Korea, his mother asked about his future. "Whatever I do," he replied, "I'm going to fix it so you won't have to worry."

Meanwhile, Hemric had some living to make up. He spent \$3,370 of his back pay for a fire-engine-red hardtop convertible Mercury. He picked up his longtime friend, Corporal Locksley Hutchens, a P.W. for 34 months, and in three days they drove 800 miles in and about Yadkin County. Last week, rounding a bad curve, the car crashed into a power pole. For Ken Hemric, 23, and Locksley Hutchens, 22, the future ended.

Affair of the Heart

The body of Pfc. Alton B. Sterner, killed last June in Korea, came home to Rockwood (pop. 1,237), Pa., with an official Army escort, Sergeant Ira Frank Green, 25. He had known Sterner and had been in correspondence with the dead man's 19-year-old widow Alma. Green asked Alma to marry him. The widow quickly said yes.

Two days after the body arrived, the couple hurried off to nearby Cumberland, Md., were married, hurried back, packed a bag and left Rockwood—two full days before Sterner's funeral. The speed of the romance left Rockwood a little indignant. But Army spokesmen said that the sergeant had broken no regulations. At week's end, Alma, now settling down in Green's home town, Waterbury Center, Vt., explained everything: "I have a bad heart," she said, "and didn't think it would be a good idea to attend the funeral."

ARMED FORCES

Navy's New Sub

The first U.S.S. *Seawolf*, which sank 18 Japanese ships before it went down in World War II,* was one of the most famed boats in the U.S. Navy's submarine service. Last week, at Groton, Conn., Navy Secretary Robert Anderson presided at the keel-laying† of a new *Seawolf*, the second U.S. atomic-powered subma-

* In a tragic mistake, the *Seawolf*, with all hands aboard, was depth-charged and sunk by a U.S. destroyer whose commander was not informed that *Seawolf* was in the area.

† So called only for ceremony's sake. A submarine, made of prefabricated parts fitted together, has no keel like other ships. Submarines are called "boats."

rine. The first, the *Nautilus*, will be launched in January, and workmen were busy hammering and welding on its hull, while guests gathered on the adjoining ways for the *Seawolf's* ceremony.

The *Seawolf*, which will take ten months to finish, will be powered by an improved atomic reactor of higher speed than that used on the *Nautilus*. Both boats, Secretary Anderson explained, will be faster and more powerful than any undersea vessels ever built. Said Anderson: "For the first time in history, the Navy will have the ideal vessel to send under the sea to combat enemy submarines lurking in the depths."

NATO's New Gun

The Pentagon announced last week that within a month the 868th Field Artillery Battalion would be on its way to Europe, to be assigned to the NATO forces. Its armament: six of the Army's new 85-ton, 280-mm. cannons, designed for firing atomic projectiles. Five more atomic battalions will follow within a year, giving General Alfred Gruenther and his SHAPE high command a weapon which might, if the circumstances were ideal, neutralize the huge numerical superiority of Russian ground forces.

Unlike the atom bomb, atomic artillery is not meant to be used against set targets known in advance. The enemy cannot disperse his cities, but he can disperse his troops. Against a normally dispersed advancing unit, atomic shells would not be especially effective. Atomic shells must be used on heavy concentrations of troops and munitions.

Meeting a Russian attack, NATO commanders, with atomic artillery on call, would also need some other means of making the enemy concentrate his forces. If they cannot find the means, *e.g.*, a restricted road net, a strong defensive position, the Russians would not have to mass for a breakthrough. And if the defense formed around other weapons should not prove strong enough to protect them, the new atomic artillery pieces, outflanked and useless, might end up in the Red Army's Historical Artillery Museum in Leningrad.

RELIEF

New Command

Few Americans are more popular with the battered masses of Korean people than big, patient General James A. Van Fleet, for two years field commander of U.N. forces in the Korean war. Few know as much at first hand of the country's postwar problems. Ever since he retired from the Army last March, General Van Fleet has worked actively in the privately organized American-Korean Foundation.

In five months, the foundation has raised \$3,500,000, has sent missions to survey Korean problems and has allocated \$465,000 for aid to orphaned and crippled children. Last week, at a meeting of the foundation's executive committee,

NEW DEFENSE MODEL V. MORE CHROME

THE U.S. was beginning to realize that the Russian thermonuclear bomb demands a whole new range of political and military thinking. The dominant fact percolating through policy discussion in Washington is that the U.S.S.R. will have enough super bombs to menace the U.S. by 1956 or sooner (*TIME*, Sept. 21). And the thermonuclear blast is so devastating (potentially thousands of times the power of the most up-to-date atomic bomb) that victory after 1956 may go not to the nation with the biggest stockpile of bombs but to the nation that drops them first.

Treasury Secretary Humphrey has been a firm believer in military budget cuts for economy's sake, but now he is saying in Cabinet meetings that every item of expense must be examined in the light of the new bomb threat. Last week, in a public speech, Humphrey went a step further: the new Joint Chiefs of Staff must produce a defense plan that will be a "real new product." Said Humphrey: "It won't be done just by putting some additional chrome on the bumper. We have to have a brand new model . . . and still [spend] less money."

Armed Negotiation. One new model that has been outlined (not by Humphrey) to the President is this: the basis of U.S. defense should now be a striking force of heavy bombers, supported by fast-moving aircraft carriers and guided missiles, with very little invested in defensive weapons, *e.g.*, interceptor fighters or pushbutton establishments. The Navy should mothball battleships and similar outdated ships of the line. The Army should be cut close to Marine Corps size, with perhaps enough troops in Europe to satisfy NATO commitments.

Coupled to the new model is a proposal for using this strength politically. If the Russians know that the U.S. is clearly capable of delivering a knockout blow, they may enter negotiations with a different attitude. The U.S. should be unafraid to flex its muscles in negotiations (as the theory goes) if muscle-flexing is necessary to secure a workable agreement for ensuring peace.

This theory was meeting violent opposition from the "more chrome on the bumper" boys. Said Navy Secretary Robert Anderson last week at the Marine Corps school at Quantico: "The increasing power of the atomic bomb suggests to me that the need for improvement of the more conventional forms of warfare may well become greater, rather than less, as we approach absoluteness in mass-destruction weapons . . . It may well be that the presence of such fearful weapons may act as a deterrent to their use by either side. Should the superweapons

thus cancel themselves out—and I suggest to you that eventually it is entirely possible—then the emphasis would immediately be restored to the capabilities of conventional weapons as the basis for military decision."

The Elk-Saddle Policy. Conceivably, a situation might arise in the thermonuclear age in which the U.S. would need such an outdated weapon as a battleship. In war, one never knows what will come in handy. When British troops landed at Narvik, Norway in 1940, some of them, according to one report, carried saddles for riding elk. Some thoughtful supply officer, with an eye to the rigors of an Arctic campaign, had ordered them years before. The Navy now has four battleships and 15 heavy cruisers in operation; they cost somewhat more than elk saddles. An effective weapons policy has to be derived from a general military policy. It cannot be constructed by ordering all the things that might turn out to be useful. A general defense policy, in turn, cannot be made solely by thinking of all the things the enemy might do. A defense policy logically starts from political goals; a nation determines what kind of military force it needs to achieve its political ends. Military policy is interlaced with foreign policy, especially where a nation, hoping to avoid war, intends to use its military power in political bargaining.

Under these circumstances, the U.S. State Department might be expected to take a lively interest in the Defense Department's groping for a new basic military policy. But this is not yet the case. State does not want to "interfere" with the military experts.

State consults Defense closely on another kind of matter, *i.e.*, on the list of areas of the world the U.S. is prepared to defend. This is the old loop (or snare) theory all over again (*TIME*, Jan. 15, 1951). It assumes that all choice is in the enemy's hands, and that the U.S. can only try to guess where the enemy will strike and try to prepare itself for his thrust.

Last week, while Secretary Dulles was making his speech (*see above*) on the urgent need for international agreement in the Atomic Age, his department's main contact with the military was on a 20th century projection of the old U.S. problem of which stockades could be defended against the Sioux. Dulles' speech outlined the political goal, but he—and Secretary Wilson and President Eisenhower—have a long way to go in the construction of a political-military policy that will give some sensible basis for choosing between one weapon and another, and for deciding how many of each weapon is enough.

Dr. Milton Eisenhower, its first chairman, withdrew from office because of the pressure of other work, and General Van Fleet was selected to administer its growing activities.

CRIME

Cliff Hanger

Gloomy and forbidding vistas opened ahead of the shiny new Nash sedan as it followed the curves of U.S. Highway 101 up the Oregon coast. Dawn had just broken, the light was dim, and at Cape Foulweather, five miles north of Newport (pop. 3,250), the empty roadway sometimes seemed to be curving off into thin air beyond the cliffs.

Big blond Dick Thomson looked ahead and said, "I'm carsick—stop the car." The young man at the wheel, a slim, brown-haired fellow named Jim Meuler, headed off the road and stopped. At that moment Thomson reached behind the seat, picked up a length of iron pipe, and hit his companion a crashing blow on the back of the skull. Meuler jerked the door open and managed to lurch out, dazed, bleeding and incredulous. Thomson was his closest friend.

Assailant Thomson and Victim Meuler, both automobile men, had taken to each other at their first chance meeting two years ago. Six months later, full of hope and mutual admiration, they formed a partnership and bought a Nash agency (the T and M Motors) in Newport. It was a shoestring venture (in case of some unforeseen accident, they took out \$10,000 double-indemnity life-insurance policies on each other), but for a while they did well. Dick moved in with Jim and his wife and two children, and they lived together, ate together and worked together.

In recent months, however, business began to go slack. One evening last week, the partners climbed into a new demonstrator and headed north to discuss financing with a Portland bank. They finished the 100-mile journey, registered at a tourist camp, ate a steak dinner and dropped in at a nightclub. Then Thomson announced that the company records, which they had thrust into the dashboard compartment of the car, were missing. At his insistence, they made a long night drive back to Newport, got duplicates, and then, just as dawn was breaking, headed for Portland again—and for violence at Cape Foulweather.

As Meuler staggered from the car, Thomson came after him. For a few seconds they fought wildly at the edge of the precipice. Suddenly Thomson backed off. He was sorry, he said . . . terribly sorry . . . He wanted to get Meuler to a doctor . . . Meuler nodded in stunned relief. With Thomson hovering sympathetically by, he took off his shirt and wrapped it around his broken head to keep blood off the demonstrator's upholstery. He got into the car. Thomson slid behind the wheel, drove a few hundred yards north. Then, at a point where there was no guard rail, he turned the machine toward the edge.



Mel Jungchen

JIM MEULER

At Cape Foulweather, foul deeds.

As the car went over, Thomson leaped. He landed 50 feet below the lip of the road and watched the car with Meuler in it go somersaulting end over end down a steep, brushy, 100-yard slope. Below that, sheer cliffs fell away to the sea. But just before the car cleared the edge, Meuler was flung out. He was horribly hurt—one leg, a hip and his back were broken, his face was torn and his scalp split—but he rose, fell, rose again. Thomson scrambled downhill toward him and put a tourniquet on his bleeding leg. He took off his pants, covered Meuler with them, and scrambled up to flag a passing motorist.

For a few hours he was a hero. Attendants at Newport's Pacific Communities Hospital felt that he might well have saved Meuler's life. But State Police Sergeant William Colbert was not so sure.



N.Y. Daily Mirror

LOUIS SARNO & FRANCIS LAMADRID
After a 200-yr. dash, a fielder's choice.

Though Thomson insisted that the demonstrator's front wheels had locked, the cops could find no skid marks at the highway's edge. Next day Thomson changed his story, said that he had gone to sleep at the wheel. "Dick," said the sergeant, "why don't you get it all off your chest?" Dick calmly accommodated him. He signed a five-page confession and pleaded guilty to assault with attempt to kill.

But one mystery was left unsolved. "Dick," pleaded Meuler in delirium at the hospital, "Dick, why do you want to kill me?" Dick did not explain.

HEROES

That's My Baby

As he perched on the girders of a half-completed traffic ramp on Manhattan's lower East Side one afternoon last week, Louis Sarno, a sinewy construction foreman, saw a big-city tragedy in the making. Directly across traffic-jammed South Street an apartment window stood open. As Sarno watched, a two-year-old boy climbed on the sill, teetered in fright four floors above the sidewalk. Sarno yelled at two gardeners working across the street. They did not hear him. The 41-year-old foreman wasted no more time.

He turned and sprinted precariously along 100 yards of bare girders to the nearest ladder, scrambled down it to the street, dived through the traffic stream and raced 10 yards back to the apartment building. He was below the window just as the boy—Francis Xavier Lamadrid—lost his balance and came sailing down. Sarno braced himself. Frightened women spectators screamed. But seconds later, with the force of his fall broken, the child was safe in Sarno's brawny arms. Astounded passers-by, screened from the catch by a billboard, assumed that Sarno had caught the boy.

It was, the New York police announced on hearing the details, one of the most amazing rescues on record. It was also the kind of tale that gives reporters a chance to write of the cynical city's great human heart, and within a few hours Sarno was photographed and interviewed by every newspaper in town. The New York *Herald Tribune* announced that the boy, on being caught, said calmly: "I haven't got my shoes on." It later turned out that little Francis, a child of Puerto Rican parents, knew only one English word, "Godfrey," and because of the influence of television, thought that it meant "tea bag." But amid the happy hysteria nobody minded at all.

And almost nobody noticed—or remembered—that Sarno ("I always was a pretty good ballplayer") was not the only man who ran to the boy's rescue. Almost nobody, that is, but a New York *Journal-American* advertising man who happened to be riding on South Street at the time. He was sure he saw a bus driver, standing under the window beside Sarno, actually catch the child.

By the time the *Journal-American* found the bus driver, one Morris Brower,

a day had passed and Sarno was the accepted hero. When questioned, however, Brower said that he had caught the child, who rolled out of his arms, hit the ground and was then scooped up by Rescuer Sarno. Brower announced that he had witnesses to prove his story. Sarno said he had witnesses too.

At week's end it seemed certain that both men had done their daring best to save a child's life, but there was no way at all of really telling who deserved the credit. Meanwhile, incensed Puerto Rican and Italian women in the neighborhood had begun screaming "Dirty Jew" at Brower's wife, and "Jew Lover" at a Polish woman who insisted that the bus driver was the hero. Suspicion settled cloudily over the whole affair. Said Brower bitterly: "My friends tell me I should get a lawyer to clear my name." It seemed like good advice for anyone who even contemplated catching a baby in the litigious city of New York.

SEQUELS

Day & Night Nursing

Henry ("the Dutchman") Grunewald, once a big influence peddler around Washington (*TIME*, April 27 *et seq.*), dodged congressional investigators by refusing to answer questions, dodged a jail sentence for contempt of Congress when Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff put him on probation four months ago. Last week artful Henry was in court again, charged with violating his probation.

Probation officials noted that Grunewald and a woman identified as Mrs. Ann Anderson or Mrs. Alma McGlue 1) had been thrown out of a suite in Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel for being drunk, 2) had registered under assumed names at a Newark hotel, and 3) had been found unconscious and mostly unclad in a gas-filled apartment in Jersey City. Through his lawyer, William H. Collins, Grunewald gave his explanation: the woman was always at his side to give first aid in case he had a heart attack.

Said Judge Holtzoff: "But this woman is not a . . . trained nurse."

Collins: "But she has had Red Cross first-aid training."

Judge Holtzoff: "Lots of people have . . ."

The judge had just a few more words to say to Grunewald: 90 days in jail.

WORLD TRADE

The Economic Nationalists

Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart, presiding over a 122-man business advisory committee meeting on foreign-trade policy in Washington last week, nodded toward the heavy eyebrows and invited John L. Lewis to say a few words. John L. rose, surveyed the businessmen surrounding him, and talked for 30 minutes without pause. When he sat down, his audience gave him the heaviest applause of the afternoon. Reason: without ever mentioning the horrid word "tariff," Lewis

had managed to roll together all the old demagogic arguments against free trade and give them a fine, patriotic ring.

"I do not quite agree," he rumbled, "with the theory that the only way to increase our export of goods is to increase [foreign manufacturers'] opportunity to have their goods admitted into the U.S. I think every shipload of consumers' goods that comes to these shores from Germany, Japan, India, Italy or elsewhere is going to lay idle a corresponding number of American workmen and affect American business in the same ratio . . ."

"Every country that has been rehabilitated—Japan with its 80-odd million, India, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, European countries—is increasing its production with facilities acquired by the help of our Government. What is going to become of those goods? [Those countries



TRADE ADVISER LEWIS
For a sick friend, demagoguery.

could not absorb their increased production), so they are going to sell in the world markets at any price that will move those goods . . . That means that American goods will be frozen out of those markets, just as they are being frozen out in South America."

Lewis warned that U.S. foreign trade was falling off "substantially in the consumers' goods but perceptibly in the capital-goods industry." He brought forth a strange trade-policy recommendation for the world's leading economic power barter. "I don't think that Brazil has a right to take that \$70 million which we give for coffee annually . . . without an agreement to spend an equivalent amount here. I think we have to modernize some of our trade relationships . . . I don't know that we are going to be able to secure, at the best, an outlet for any more of our goods than we buy elsewhere in volume, unless we revert to some basis of exchange in kind . . ."

A Tear for Taxes. Lewis saved his coldest fury for his warmest subject, coal. "The coal industry," said he, "should be exporting 50 million tons of coal this year instead of a fraction of that amount. It would make the difference between reasonable employment and subnormal employment . . . We give Italy and France and Yugoslavia and the Low Countries money. They take that money and buy Czechoslovakian coal . . . Now there is no reason why [Japan] shouldn't get [coal] from the U.S. except that we don't have the aptitude to furnish the coal, so we give her money and she buys Manchurian coal from the Russians. Our mines are idle, our railroads don't haul the coal our businessmen in the mining communities don't have the trade, and the Treasury Department doesn't have the taxes . . ."

In talking coal, Lewis exposed a weak point in a major argument advanced by all economic nationalists. U.S. coal never had much of an export market. Coal has been an increasingly sick industry—in part because Lewis' continued demands for wages and pension funds have priced it out of the U.S. market; consumers have turned to oil and gas for cheaper fuel. The sickness was happily concealed immediately after World War II because both European and Asian coal mines were out of commission, and the U.S. exported shipload after shipload of coal to fill the gap. Now foreign mines are going again, and no amount of barter could induce foreign purchasers to pay the price for, and the freight on, U.S. coal. And no greater damage could be inflicted on a shaky, free world economy than to saddle nations with high-priced U.S. coal. (It costs about \$20 a ton in Japan.)

A Thought for Congressmen. Does this mean that coal, and many another U.S. product which has no natural export market, is to be shut out of benefits of an expanded foreign trade? Not at all. The trade-not-aid program assumes (correctly) the existence of a wide and intense demand for certain products, e.g., automobiles and refrigerators, which the U.S. can make at a price attractive in free world markets. If the U.S. lowers its trade barriers, and imports those products which other nations make better and cheaper, then foreign buyers will have enough dollars to satisfy their demand for U.S. products. Coal's stake in all this lies not in forcing uneconomical coal on foreigners, but in feeding the prosperous steel mills which furnish steel for a prosperous, heavy-exporting industry.

Lewis' sort of talk is bound to be heard more frequently as the debate over trade gets hotter. It is the kind of talk which has a particular appeal to Congressmen who think, erroneously, that their districts have no stake in the export market. Already the economic nationalists have slowed the Administration's campaign to get freer trade. If the campaign is to succeed, the Administration must speak its answer to Lewis and his fellow economic nationalists clearly and often.

NEWS IN PICTURES



WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, wielding knife, is foiled by guard in Rabat, Morocco, after an attempt on life of Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Arafat (Tass, Sept. 21). Split second later, a cop (dark suit) shot the man, a housepainter. Sultan, 64, was unhurt, but his parasol (right) was knocked down in fight.



OSTRICH TROT at the Kentucky state fair in Louisville featured affable Governor Lawrence Wetherby, 45, who took a dare, hopped into silks and sulky, won first place. Ostrich, a seven-year-old named Calamity, ran 30 m.p.h.



Associated Press



WPA



United Press

SHROUDED CONCUBINES take off from Rabat, where the present ruler was nearly assassinated (top left), to join their master, former Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, 44, whom the French authorities last month drove to exile in Corsica.

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED NATIONS

Threat

Behind the wordy panoply of the United Nations General Assembly, the two big Western allies last week privately—and temporarily—patched up a fissure in their alliance. Britain agreed to swing over to the U.S. position for the "current year" and oppose all talk of Red China's admission to the U.N. It also switched to the U.S. side in the delicate U.N. struggle over Communist efforts to squeeze India and other neutralist-minded nations into the Korean peace conference.

Loosely united again on the most ticklish problem now facing the U.N., the West stepped into the Assembly's big 60-nation meeting to head off a bulldozing Communist campaign to reopen the whole Korean peace conference issue and wheedle Peking into China's U.N. seat. With dispatch, the diplomats elected India's Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit as the Assembly's first woman president (see below), agreed to argue about most of the world's dreams and ills, from disarmament to difficulties in landscaping the U.N. skyscraper headquarters in Manhattan.

But hardly had the formalities ended when Russia's Andrei Vishinsky tried to force the Assembly into inviting Red China to "its rightful seat." After two hours of parliamentary maneuvering, the delegates balked Vishinsky. 44 votes to 16, Red China pitched in from Peking with a demand for undoing the recent special Assembly decision to confine the Korean peace talks to the countries which fought the war—the issue on which Britain had split with the U.S. (TIME, Aug. 24). But the committee of 16 U.N. nations which fought the war bluntly answered back that the old decision still stood.

Impressed as many of them were by the tone of moderation in U.S. Secretary of State Dulles' exposition of U.S. foreign policy (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the delegates were not by any means certain to stand solidly behind the 16 nations' position; many were still wavery on the question of opening the Korean conference table to neutralist-minded countries like India. This week Vishinsky capitalized on the uncertainty with a fresh demand to reopen the whole question. Communist demands for a full-blown "round-table" peace conference "must be met," he declared. It sounded very much like a threat to torpedo the peace talks unless the Reds get their way.

Against Indignity

The new president of the United Nations General Assembly walked serenely to the dais, fussed through her handbag for her glasses and a pencil, then spoke to the hall full of delegates in a soft, lilting voice. "I regard your choice," she said, "as a tribute to my country."

For 27 bitter years, India's handsome Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, with her

brother, Jawaharlal Nehru, fought for her country's dignity against what she called "the indignities imposed in the name of a white civilization." Yet she was brought up amid the regalia of the society she grew to fight. At her Brahman father's palatial Allahabad home, there were English governesses and gardens, dogs and Dresden, pony carts, and even porridge in the morning. Vijaya Lakshmi, who was born in August 1900, could write English before she was five, but she could not speak her own Hindi until she was nine. Her father, a wealthy, pro-British law-



United Press

PRESIDENT PANDIT
More clear-eyed than Brother?

yer, would allow Indian food to be served only once a week, and was pleased when his daughter got an English nickname, "Nan." Accustomed to the comfortable acceptance of imperial British rule, she showed little of her political ire in those youthful days. "A stylish affair," she wrote after seeing a 1915 Congress party rally. "One wore one's prettiest clothes and had a good time meeting people . . . and going to parties."

Wellesley & Jail. But when Mahatma Gandhi came, the entire family Nehru joined his nonviolent rebellion, organized strikes, whipped up civil disobedience against the British raj—and often went to jail. Vijaya Lakshmi served three terms, two years and eight months, on a food allowance of 19¢ per day. Her husband, Ranjit Pandit, a lawyer and Sanskrit scholar, spent about ten years in jail and died in 1944 from its ill effects.

Between jail terms Vijaya Lakshmi

raised three daughters. The two eldest, one of whom had served a jail term for anti-British activities, went to Wellesley; all three are now married to Indian government officials. Vijaya Lakshmi also put in years of public service (the Allahabad Education Committee, the United Provinces State Legislative Assembly, the All-India Women's Conference). In 1937, she became India's first woman minister in the first British-supervised Congress provincial government. In 1944, she toured the U.S. to counter British propaganda against Indian independence, and did it so effectively that she was sent back for another U.S. tour in 1945. In 1946, she led India's delegation to the U.N.

Aloneness. "I am a person with terrible ambitions," she once confessed. "Nothing seems to satisfy me." When independence came and her brother was elected India's leader, Madame Pandit became ambassador to Moscow, and from there spoke many kind words about the sociological success of Joseph Stalin & Co. She went on to Washington as ambassador and there, as in Moscow, maintained what she called "a certain aloneness" toward the cold war. Her soft-colored saris and bluetinted grey hair gradually grew as familiar at diplomatic conclaves as the male diplomat's dark suit and black Homburg. In 1952 she returned to India and ran for Parliament, was overwhelmingly elected.

Steeped in her brother's—and most of India's—resentment and distrust of the West which produced imperialism, she shared also India's contradictory sternness toward Communism at home and softness toward its careering rise in neighboring China. But a trip to Red China jolted her last year; she privately confessed herself shaken by the slave labor system, cultural regimentation, denial of civil liberties and the Reds' program to make children inform on their parents. Now regarded as more clear-eyed about Red China than her brother (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) and many of the advisers who share his confidence, 53-year-old Madame Pandit last week formally assumed a personal neutrality when she accepted the presidency, as is the U.N. custom. "My purpose," said she, "is to find ways and means to make the U.N. successful."

KOREA

F.O.B. \$100,000

When General Mark Clark offered \$100,000 last April for the first Russian MIG jet fighter to be delivered intact into allied hands, most people agreed that it was a good idea, but few expected that it would be acted on. U.N. pilots in Korea watched the skies for a few weeks, then dismissed the offer as a good try.

One day this week, as General Clark walked out of his Tokyo headquarters, Air Force General "Opie" Weyland raced up to him and asked breathlessly: "Got a hundred thousand bucks, Boss?" The gen-

eral raised his eyebrows. General Weyland explained: a Russian-built, almost new MIG jet had just landed on South Korea's Kimp'o airfield near Seoul. As U.N. airmen raced toward the red-starred, silver plane, the MIG pilot—a 25-year-old North Korean in a neat blue jumper suit—methodically tore up a picture of a girl friend, unstrapped his pistol holster, saluted smartly and surrendered.

Both plane and pilot were promptly whipped under wraps for detailed examination. Though the U.N. had salvaged MIGs before, this was the first flyable one they had managed to get their hands on. Within 24 hours, Washington announced that the pilot will get his reward—\$50,000 for the MIG, \$50,000 for being the first to fly over to the U.N. side.

Just a Stone's Throw

All week long, anti-Communist North Korean and Chinese prisoners who had refused repatriation were herded into the muddy-red, hilltop compounds of "Indian Village" in Korea's neutral zone. As each new batch arrived, Communist officers and "newsmen" crowded in close to the fences to listen while neutral Indian army guards called the roll. Each time they caught a name, the Red observers glared ominously and scribbled it down in note pads with exaggerated gestures.

The incoming prisoners reacted to this clear attempt at intimidation with a mixture of fear and defiance. Many of them refused to answer the roll, tore off their Manila name tags and kept their fists tightly clenched to forestall fingerprinting. Gradually they grew more bellicose. Compounds bristled with South Korean and Chinese Nationalist flags. Barrages of stones and curses descended on glum-faced Communist observers.

Faced with repeated near-riots, Major General Shankar Pandurang Patil Thorat, commander of the 5,000-man Indian guard force, hastily cabled New Delhi for reinforcements. He ordered the Communists to stay at least 100 yards away from the barbed wire, "Just a little more than a stone's throw," smiled an officer.

This week, with only a fraction of the 23,000 non-repatriates still to arrive, the tumult in Indian Village began to subside. Sandhurst-trained General Thorat and his troops—the pick of India's professional army—showed impressive efficiency and tact in handling the physical transfer of the prisoners. There was considerable doubt, however, that the Indians would prove equally competent to handle the skulduggery sure to take place when the Communists get their chance to "explain" to each prisoner why he should change his mind and accept repatriation. And they were not prepared for a possible mass breakout attempt by the thousands who plainly feared the arrival of the Red "explainers." "If one or two P.W.s try to escape, we will shoot them," explained one Indian officer. "If there is a mass breakout attempt, we will do the best we can to stop it, but we do not want to quell it by mass killings."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA "We Must Attack"

(See Cover)

The big French airfield at Nason, between the Red River delta and Laos, lay all but deserted within its ring of trenches and stout barbed wire. It had been bypassed by the Communist Viet Minh forces on their way into Laos. Under the broiling sun the colonel in command, walking disconsolately along the airstrip, looked up as he heard the sound of aircraft engines. Within seconds a C-47 airplane, its wings and tail riddled by Red ack-ack fire, rolled onto the runway. The pilot braked it to a stop and his passenger, a prim, neat little man wearing the four stars of a full general, climbed out. The astonished colonel clicked to attention,

into nowhere when counterattacked. The governments of Indo-China's three Associated States, Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam, were taking advantage of the mess to harass France for more and faster independence than France could sensibly give. The truce was on the way in Korea, freeing Communism to turn its attention and resources on the war that Korea had overshadowed. Their fortunes and their spirits at a dismally low ebb, the leaders of France were seriously wondering whether to cut their lines and pull out the one plug that was blocking Asian Communism from flooding through to Burma, Siam, and probably all Southeast Asia.

By last week new spirit and optimism had surged up in the men in Indo-China who must fight the ugly war, and the men in Washington and Paris who must see



WOUNDED INDO-CHINESE SOLDIER HELPED BY LIEUTENANT
Best hope: a long and costly battle.

Paris Match

saluted, and said: "I was not expecting you, general."

The man with the four stars and unsmiling face was Henri Eugène Navarre, a quiet but steely, cultured but tough general of the French army. He had come from Paris to take command of a war that was going badly for France and the non-Communist world—a Red nightmare that had clung to the green jungles and rice fields of Indo-China for seven years.

Turning his back on the plane, Navarre asked the colonel: "What information do you have?" The colonel answered: "The government in France has fallen. I just heard it on the radio." "Well, that's better for them than for me," said Navarre disinterestedly. "But what information have you about the Viet Minh?"

Will & Means. That was four months ago. French Union troops, slopping through the steamy jungles and paddy mud, were demoralized after seven years of battle with Red Viet Minh forces that seemed to attack from everywhere, only to fade

that they get the means and the will to win it. The new lift in morale came partly from the Allied governments, which had decided to plunge fresh resources into the war—more troops from France, more millions from the U.S. But in great part, it came from slim, trim Henri Navarre.

An old cavalryman with the cavalryman's inbred dislike for position warfare, he stepped into the command with no illusions of cheap successes or quick victory. Little known outside France, he was a cold, distant figure when he arrived in Saigon and took steps to make himself inconspicuous and to avoid the press. With his chic blonde wife (a descendant of Joachim Murat, the Napoleonic King of Naples), he moved into the rambling residence of the commander in chief. ("Why," exclaimed Mme. Navarre when she first saw the big place, "it's like a railway station!") For weeks he toured the vast conglomerations of forts, villages, roadblocks, airfields and remote outposts which pass for "battle lines" in a war

where there has never been a well-defined front. A master at assembling bits and pieces into a pattern and molding the pattern into plans, Navarre took stock.

On the enemy side, the pieces added up roughly to this: The Communist forces of goat-bearded Ho Chi Minh, far too large and well organized to be called guerrillas, total about 300,000 men. They are arranged in six regular divisions, under able, boyish-looking General Vo Nguyen Giap. The U.S.S.R. is supplying them with arms, moved by Red China via the railway from Nanning, which runs south into the huge Viet Minh concentration in northern Viet Nam, crucial sector of the war. The Reds are well supplied with artillery, mortars and recoilless cannon, as well as machine guns and automatic hand weapons. Some of the enemy's arms come from the big Skoda works in Czechoslovakia. In the seven years of war, the Viet Minh have suffered about 200,000 casualties, but, by force and persuasion, they have built their army bigger than ever.

On the French-Vietnamese side: effectives total 248,000, including 18,000 in the navy and air force, and 180,000 in the native Vietnamese army commanded by General Nguyen Van Hinh, combat-pilot son of Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Van Tam. The bulk of non-native forces is composed of 52,000 Frenchmen, plus Senegalese, North Africans and Foreign Legionnaires. The French Union troops have suffered 147,000 casualties, including 60,000 killed or dead of wounds (5,000 more casualties and 35,000 more combat dead than the U.S. lost in three years of Korea). Almost all of the officers and noncoms are French, but the annual drain on trained officers has steadily exceeded the output of Saint-Cyr, France's West Point. Aside from the toll of blood from a nation that had bled so much in two world wars, the war was costing France a staggering sum—\$1.3 billion last year, of which the U.S. supplied \$400 million plus direct delivery of war goods, B-26s and Flying Boxcars, World War II Beards and Hellcats.

There was little time for planning. The monsoon (May to October), which turns the great Red River delta flats into a mucky red lake, would soon be over, the paddies and jungle trails would soon be alive with the fleet, tough troops of the Communists. The Reds were poised for a mighty—and they hoped decisive—blow at monsoon's end.

The Plan. From his collection of bits and pieces, Navarre assembled what became known as the Navarre Plan, flew back to Paris to sell it to his superiors. Its three main elements:

1) Get away from the defensive strategy that has dominated conduct of the war since the death of the great Indo-China commander Marshal Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. Go on to the attack.

2) Expand French forces and beef up the Vietnamese army (if possible with small additions from Laos and Cambodia) to an overall total of 500,000 men. This number will enable the French Union to contest the control of every village and



COMMISSIONER GENERAL DEJEAN
Charting the approaches.

clearing against the Viet Minh, also release the mobile French Union forces for massive attacks on major Red bases, concentrations and supply lines.

3) Bring the independence-minded Indo-Chinese into full support of the war by really moving towards the independence that France has long but hesitantly promised. The Indo-Chinese, whose memories of French colonialism often blind them to the threat of Red domination, have not trusted these promises, need more guarantees to give them something to fight and die for.

From Paris, Premier Joseph Laniel fired off an offer to complete negotiations for the full independence of Viet Nam,



COMMUNIST HO CHI MINH
Marching in the jungle.

Laos and Cambodia—"within the French Union," the French hoped, but even outside it if the Indo-Chinese insist. Paris gave Navarre nine more battalions of French soldiers (eleven less than he asked for, but a lot when measured against France's supply). Washington, kept in touch with the detailed development of the plan by Ambassador Donald Heath, joined in further planning. Its decision: an addition of \$385 million to the \$400 million in aid that was already scheduled for Indo-China in the next twelve months (TIME, Sept. 24).

Victory is a Woman. Navarre shed his shell of icy reserve and sent a ringing order of the day to his troops: "I have now acquired a personal opinion of the situation and I am sure of the solution . . .

"I speak directly to you because all of you . . . have the right to know how and why you are going to fight. And I wish to make the main point that from now on I will look after you . . .

"Logically victory is certain. But victory is a woman. She does not give herself except to those who know how to take her. One cannot win without attacking . . .

"In all echelons you must have the tenacious will to gather intelligence. In this manner you will gain the initiative—by patrols and frequent ambushes, first in your own zone, and later advancing progressively according to the rhythm and form dictated by the situation. This way you keep the enemy from moving freely and yourself from rotting in your quarters.

"We must attack wherever we find them."

The polyglot troops had not heard such stirring words for a long time—not at least since dramatic Marshal de Lattre had come to Indo-China (in 1950) to fire his forces to a fervor that might have won the war had he not died (TIME, Jan. 21, 1952) and had economy-minded, casualty-sick France not let its effort degenerate into the grim mess that greeted Navarre.

Portrait on a Cameo. Far different from De Lattre, Navarre also proved that he was a different man from his immediate predecessor, General Raoul Salan, a fully competent professional soldier who was handcuffed both by Paris' orders to avoid casualties and by his own lack of military panache.

Henri Navarre is an individualist, but a cold and aloof one whose quota of wit, urbanity and charm shows itself only at small, usually intimate gatherings. "He is just a retiring man who suffers in society," says his only son, Jacques, 27, who is a businessman in Paris. Attractive to women, a man of taste (his Paris apartment houses a Goya, a Reynolds, a portrait of Madame's distinguished Napoleonic ancestor Murat), and a fancier of cats (because of their independence and aloofness), he was once described by a friend: "There is an 18th century fragrance about him. He is a portrait on a cameo from the time of Louis XV. One almost expects ruffles and a powdered wig." But another friend says: "He is the hardest general I

know—clever and ruthless. He believes in nothing but the army."

Though his surname seems to have historic overtones, Henri Navarre was born of solid bourgeois stock at Villefranche de Rouergue, in southwestern France. His father, a polished, urbane scholar, was a professor of Greek at Toulouse University, but his son set out early on a military career, served on the front in 1916, and with the Americans at Château-Thierry in 1918 (retaining from that an unwavering admiration for U.S. troops). He graduated from Saint-Cyr in 1918, later went back for further studies.

Between the wars he served as a cavalryman in Syria and Morocco, but he also studied armored war at Saumur. He still refers to himself occasionally as *un vieux blindé* (an old tank officer). In the late '30s he became chief of the German Section of the *Deuxième Bureau* (Intelligence), and by war's beginning he was well known as a good intelligence officer. When the Nazis entered Paris in 1940, the Gestapo made a beeline for his apartment, but their bird had flown, joined up with the headquarters of the army in the retreat to the south.

Dentists Have Uses. Navarre made his way to General Weygand in North Africa and became his chief of intelligence. He harassed to distraction the Italian Fascists who came in as members of the armistice commission. In order to persuade the Italians that they needed bodyguards, Navarre's *hommes lourds* (heavy men) clubbed and beat up the Italians in the dark. Navarre installed microphones in the Fascists' telephones and overheard their most confidential plans.

Navarre's proudest exploit in those delicate days when the French were Germany's captives came later, when he openly radioed information on German sea movements to the British on Malta, then set back to await the fireworks. R.A.F. squadrons sped west from Malta and in minutes destroyed two-thirds of the 15th Panzer Division, destined for Rommel's *Afrika Korps*. Admiral Darlan got wind of this feat and sent Navarre to Vichy, where he was kept under surveillance. He soon escaped into the underground—thanks to a guard who became his friend (and later became one of his top agents in the Resistance).

Navarre organized a spy and counter-spy ring which was never uncovered during the Nazi occupation, although he had a series of hairbreadth escapes. Once, when he had a rendezvous with an agent in Paris' gloomy old Gare St. Lazare, the man failed to appear. He had been seized by the Germans, and they had squeezed out of him the word of the appointment with Navarre. There were six Gestapo men in the station looking for the spy-master. But Navarre, scenting the new wind, coolly joined a long line of ticket buyers, stood on a crowded platform reading a newspaper, then joined a crowd leaving a train, and got out of the station, cut-free. Once he was saved from capture when a prolonged session in a den-





Eppo-Lisa

VIET NAM'S EMPEROR BAO DAI
Out of mutual distrust, new effort.

tist's office made him 15 minutes late for a rendezvous which the Gestapo had learned about. "Dentists," he later said wryly, "have their uses in this world."

Two Kinds of Guts. After the Allied landings in Normandy and southern France, Navarre got command of an armored regiment of Moroccan Spahis, as part of General de Latre's Army of the Rhine and Danube. One day while Navarre, the assiduous information gatherer, was reconnoitering alone along a forest road in a jeep, he found himself looking down the burp-gun barrels of the German rearguard—about 40 men. Navarre, who speaks excellent German, barked out: "Drop your guns. You are surrounded. You are my prisoners. March down that road and surrender to my Moroccans." The bluff worked and the Germans did as they were told—but De Latre instructed Navarre not to go reconnoitering any more in jeeps.

When the time came for a man to follow the successful De Latre and the unsuccessful Salan in Indo-China, hard-boiled Marshal Alphonse Juin, France's No. 1 soldier, looked only to the next desk for the man: Navarre had become Juin's chief of staff. Of Juin's choice an official in Washington remarked: "In our opinion, Navarre is a man of courage, energy and imagination. He knows his business and has military and political guts of a high order . . . [He] is leading a new team which looks pretty good to us."

Rice & Men. Though the Navarre program will take time—two years, perhaps longer—before something resembling victory comes in Indo-China, the general and his team have already given a taste of some of its potentialities. With a crisp stream of orders for reconnaissance, forays, ambush raids and harassing attacks, Navarre this summer broke the usual pattern of the monsoon, when the French in the past stopped fighting in order to build

up supplies and strengthen their outposts, and the Reds sorted into villages to terrorize, recruit men and collect the rice on which they live.

Navarre launched a spectacular and well-executed airborne assault on the Communist base at Langson (TIME, July 27), where supplies for Ho Chi Minh's forces were coming in from Red China. The French paratroopers put the base out of action at least temporarily, destroyed 5,000 tons of ammunition and other supplies, and got away with almost no casualties. Next, Navarre mopped up a cluster of Viet Minh strong points called the "Street without Joy" near Hué, on the central Viet Nam coast; he routed a bothersome Red commando battalion that was operating near Haiphong; from the air he attacked Viet Minh command posts, concentration and supply.

In the delicate and crucial political field, the French and Indo-Chinese have settled down to sincere and generally smooth negotiations that promise to give the Indo-Chinese the independence they crave and deserve after 90 years of French colonial rule, and to give the French the help and manpower needed to transform the bloody stalemate into victory. To support their fighting men, the French sent to Indo-China one of their topnotch negotiating men as French Commissioner General—shrewd, experienced Maurice Dejean, an old friend of Navarre and France's postwar Ambassador to Tokyo. Under Dejean's direction, French and Indo-Chinese negotiators last week were carefully charting the approaches to a suitable independence formula. The general idea: a plan which will allow the French to stay and fight until it is certain that independence will not be exploded overnight into engulfment by Communism.

Viet Nam's Emperor Bao Dai and his tough-minded Premier, Nguyen Van Tam, have brought Indo-China's countless nationalist sects and groups fairly well into line (so intense is the desire for cutting French ties that even leaders of Viet Nam's 2,000,000 Catholics have been heard to prefer domination by the Reds if necessary). Laos' King Sisavang Vong, who dogmatically insisted on remaining in his capital last spring when the Viet Minh invaded his kingdom (then inexplicably retired a few days later), is cooperating. The government of Cambodia's saxophone-playing young King Norodom Sihanouk, though it has been making the West nervous with some neutralist sounds bemedded to the Reds, has reached agreement on most of the more important snags. There was good reason to hope that the French were purposeful enough and the Indo-Chinese sensible enough to convert mutual distrust into mutual effort.

Light in the Tunnel. Behind the fighters and the negotiators stands the third ally in Indo-China—the U.S. The U.S. has come to realize that the Red nightmare in the jungles and paddies is really a twin of the Red nightmare in the forlorn heights and valleys of Korea. It is committed—not with men and blood, but

with its resources and its prestige. Early this month Secretary of State John Foster Dulles extended the commitment in a sharp warning that direct intervention in Indo-China by Red China "could not occur without grave consequences which might not be confined to Indo-China," and the U.S. extended it further with its promise of doubled aid. There is no guarantee that it will not some day have to be extended with American blood.

So in Washington, as in Paris, in Saigon, in the villages and river settlements of Indo-China, ears perked up last week at word from the jungles that Ho Chi Minh is on the march. In a few days his Red troops launched attacks against 15 French outposts. The long-anticipated big offensive seemed only weeks, perhaps days away. With their new spirit and their new commander, the French Union forces expect to blunt the attack. After that, the best the West can look forward to is a long and costly battle of attrition.

The Reds cannot be dealt with around a council table; a Korea-style truce would, more than Korea, represent defeat. There is no battle line behind which they can be confined by armed force or ultimatum. Even if the Navarre Plan goes ahead on oiled bearings, the Viet Minh probably can never be wiped out to the last unit. But with an aggressive plan aggressively carried out, the defenders can hope to show the Communists they cannot win, to pound and slash them until they finally will simply stop fighting—as the Greek Communist guerrillas did in the Greek civil war.

Henri Navarre himself is confident of ultimate victory, and he has communicated this to many of those who are counting on him. Said one of them last week: "A year ago none of us could see victory. There wasn't a prayer. Now we can see it clearly—like light at the end of a tunnel."



Howard Sochurek—Lia

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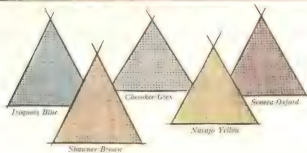
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FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Little Lost Lambs

A hastily abandoned car, a vaguely phrased intention to visit a friend, a reassuring but phony telegram from out of the void—these were the nebulous clues left behind by British Diplomat Donald MacLean and his Foreign Office colleague, Guy Burgess, when they disappeared off the face of the free world more than two years ago. Last week, leaving behind an almost identical set of clues, still more MacLeans disappeared: Donald's attractive, Chicago-born wife Melinda and the three MacLean children.

They vanished from Geneva, Switzerland, as suddenly and as mysteriously as Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess had vanished from their posts in the inner sanctum of the British Foreign Office. Where had they gone? Why?

Two weeks ago Melinda MacLean and her children, Fergus, 9, Donald, 7, and Melinda, 2, returned from a vacation in the Balearic Islands to their apartment in Geneva, where they had been living for a year with her mother, wealthy Mrs. Melinda Dunbar of Boston and New York. Next day Mrs. MacLean packed two suitcases, loaded the children into the family's black Chevrolet, and set off to weekend at the home of a friend near Montreux, some 50 miles away. She told her mother she would be back on Sunday. The friend? Mrs. Dunbar was not sure. A "Mr. Robin," she thought her daughter had said. Sunday passed, then Monday, with no sign of the MacLeans. Mrs. Dunbar notified the British Foreign Office. Two Scotland Yard detectives sped to the scene, but they found no trace of the MacLeans.

Love from All. On Wednesday Mrs. Dunbar received a telegram from a suburb of Montreux. "Unforeseen circumstances have arisen," it read. "Am staying here longer. Please advise school boys returning about a week's time. All extremely well. Pink Rose in marvelous form. Love from all. Melinda." Pink Rose was once the pet name for little Melinda (who was born after her father faded away). Detectives found that the wire, written in a hand completely unlike Mrs. MacLean's, had been filed by a large, heavily rouged woman. A few days later the MacLean Chevrolet was found in Lausanne, at a garage close to the railroad station. A lady calling herself "Mrs. Dunbar" had left it in a great hurry, said the garage attendant. Abandoned on the seat was a child's book—"Little Lost Lamb."

Anything Is Possible. Urged to the chase by a suddenly jittery British Foreign Office, the police of five nations were as hard put to find an answer as they were to determine the whereabouts of MacLean himself. No certain information has ever come out concerning the two diplomats, both known to be Communist sympathizers. They have been variously reported as shot by British counter-espionage agents,

in a Communist prison, or living in luxury behind the Iron Curtain. Had Mrs. MacLean been kidnapped by the Russians in order to pry secrets out of her husband? Had her way to his side been smoothed by Russian officialdom in return for services rendered? All Britain and much of the Western world wondered about the answers. Two leading London newspapers, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*, posted rewards for information. But there were no takers, only theories.

Like that of Burgess and her husband, Mrs. MacLean's trail seemed to lead in the direction of the Iron Curtain and then



MELINDA MACLEAN & SONS
Pink Rose was transplanted.

grow cold. The MacLeans could have gone by train to Vienna and then slipped over into Russian territory. A passenger on a train from Lausanne was certain he had seen them. A ticket taker was equally sure he had not. "Anything," said Geneva's police chief, "is possible."

GERMANY

Man's Fate

More than 10 million Germans used to live east of the Oder and Neisse Rivers, most of them in the German territory turned over to Poland after World War II. Last week a study compiled by a five-man team of German social scientists for the West German Refugee

* "I wish," a high U.S. official told a reporter last week, "that I could tell you about the information Burgess and MacLean had access to. It would make your hair curl."

Ministry told what had happened to them. 2,167,000 died—650,000 while fleeing before the Red army advance, 100,000 violently at the hands of the Red forces, another 100,000 as a result of forced deportation to the east by the Russians.

7,000,000 fled westward.

1,000,000 are still under the rule of the Polish Communist government.

From Hunger

No voice in all East Germany has been more bitter in denunciation of the Eisenhower food parcels than obedient Party-liner Hans Hoefs, editor of the Communist *Deutschlands Stimme* (Voice of Germany). Any East German who accepts the vile "beggar packs" of free U.S. food, wrote Hans, should be severely punished. Last week Communist officials took hungry Hans at his word, fired him for refusing to give up three Eisenhower parcels hidden in his own larard.

RUSSIA

Retreat

One morning last week the Russian state radio canceled its regular programs, and for the next three hours drolled out details of a great Moscow retreat. It was a 25,000-word document written by Russia's new No. 2 man, Nikita Khrushchev, and it told the hitherto hidden story of Soviet Communism's failure to provide food for its subject peoples. Items:

Although industrial output has increased 230% in Russia since 1940, agricultural production has risen only 10%.

Under Communism, the people are getting even less meat and dairy foods than under the Czar. Russia's human population has climbed 50% in the past 37 years (to 210 million), but its livestock supply has fallen 2.6%. The hard figures (in millions) as given by Khrushchev:

	1916	1953
All cattle.....	58.4	56.6
Dairy cows.....	28.8	24.3
Pigs.....	23	28.5
Sheep & goats.....	96.3	109.9
Horses.....	38.2	15.3

Except for bread grains, the report disclosed, farm output "does not fully satisfy the population's increasing need for food, or light industry's need for raw materials."

Almost as astounding as the blunt confession was its authorship. For the last four years Nikita Khrushchev has been the chief architect of the program whose results he now deplored. He masterminded the *agrorod* scheme, designed to further collectivize the already collectivized farmers and to drive them off the land and into agricultural cities (*agrorod*). But by their quiet resistance, Russia's millions of muzhiks made the scheme a failure, drove Khrushchev into retreat. Result: the new policy grudgingly gives the peasants the right to own more livestock

of their own, promises them big price increases for their requisitioned products: over 550% more for cattle and poultry, 200% more for butter, 25% to 40% more for vegetables. "Increase the material interest of the peasant," Khrushchev ordered.

Missing Persons Report

Name: Vassily Djughashvili-Stalin. **Address:** Soviet Air Force, Moscow.

Age: 31 or 32. **Sex:** Male. **Family Status:** Married, two children.

Occupation: Airplane pilot, Guards Lieutenant General of Aviation.

Description: Small (5 ft. 3 in.), stocky (about 155 lbs.); sandy hair, hazel eyes.

Characteristics: Vain, boisterous, a heavy and durable drinker.

Last Seen: Moscow, Red Square, 10:45 a.m., March 9, 1953, bearing the pall of his father, Joseph Stalin.

Facts of Case: Since Stalin's funeral, subject has been conspicuously absent from public places, from military and diplomatic functions, including last month's big Aviation Day show, in which he used to lead the big aerial review.

Clues: A Western diplomat returned from Moscow reported last week the following story: this summer, Vassily's younger sister Svetlana sent three inquiries to the Communist Party's Moscow District Committee concerning the whereabouts of her brother. The committee ignored two of the petitions, finally replied that Vassily had been posted to the Far Eastern command. But officers of the command told her they had not seen Vassily. Early in August, Svetlana was handed a copy of a Central Committee "decision" that Vassily had "violated discipline and the loyalty oath binding every Soviet officer" and had been sent to a correction camp in the Arctic Kolyma region. Svet-

lana's husband asked Molotov to intercede for Vassily. Molotov replied: "Such intervention would not help Vassily but might cause considerable harm to me." Vassily (according to the diplomat's report) got into trouble by criticizing Kremlin leaders for not letting him visit his father's deathbed, and for wondering out loud whether his father had really died from natural causes.

Conclusion: Irrespective of the above-mentioned data—not immediately verifiable—circumstances suggest that subject is victim of foul play.

POLAND

Bishop, Pawn

"Social origins?" asked the court chairman. "Son of a miller," came the halting, hesitant reply. "Does the defendant plead guilty?" "Yes," said the same slow, careful voice. It paused, then went on: "I confess . . . I repent . . ."

Once again the voice of a zombie was heard in a Communist courtroom and on radio sets across Europe last week. This time, the voice belonged to Czeslaw Kaczmarek, for eleven years bishop of Kielce, who went on trial in Warsaw with three other priests and a nun for "espionage, anti-state propaganda and diversionary activities." The Communists had kept him two years in prison to teach him his lines. Yes, said the dead, obedient voice, he had worked secretly with the Nazis during the occupation to keep the people "meek and cooperative." He had helped American officials to "prepare a new war." Ex-U.S. Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane had paid him off for his espionage with a gold fountain pen and large sums of money.

But the chief villain in the grim play-script was the Vatican. Hour after hour, from a sheaf of notes clutched in his

hand, Bishop Kaczmarek, 58, recited indictments of the Catholic hierarchy. "It must be known," he said, "that the Vatican has always been leading an anti-Polish policy." It was hoping to "hand back our territories to Germany" in return for Germany's help in a war against Communism.

After four days, the farce ended. The judges retired to deliberate the evidence and decide on its punishment for the bishop who had become a pawn in the Communists' effort to cow Polish church leaders and cut them off from the most Catholic of populations (96%) in any country behind the Iron Curtain.

EGYPT

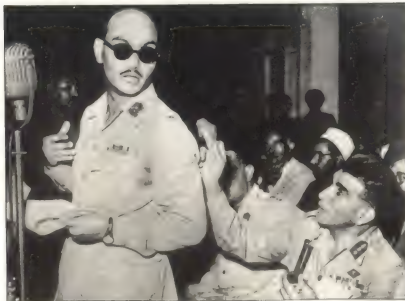
"Give 'em Hell, Salem!"

Cairo was crawling with provocative rumors inspired by a bastard alliance of Communists and the rich men of the discredited Wafd party. The twelve-man Revolutionary Council was falling apart, whispered the rumor-mongers; its leaders were quarreling, its officers were selling out to the British. The brush-fire spread of the talk worried the men who 14 months ago wrested Egypt from the fat hands of King Farouk, for ruling Egypt is like riding a bicycle: keep rolling or you fall off. One night last week, the twelve officers went together to Cairo's jam-packed Liberation Square, climbed a white balcony bathed in spotlights and, before 100,000 Egyptians, clasped hands and held them high to show the nation that they were still standing together.

"After this day, the revolution will take firm and severe action against anyone standing in its way," cried Deputy Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser, the regime's strong man. "No traitor will be able to raise his head." The gentle revolution, which in more than a year executed only one man, had come to an end. The regime set up a special three-officer revolutionary tribunal, made it supreme over all other courts, empowered it to hand down death sentences on traitors, rounded up scores of suspects and began trying them this week. Among the arrested: two ex-Premiers of the Farouk era, including the discredited Wafdist chief, Mustafa Nahas.

The Naguib government was not only out to face down its opponents, but also to prepare Egypt for a new agreement with the British over the future of the Suez Canal zone. Propaganda Chief Salah Salem told the crowd that the old Wafdist regime had been making ready to concede much more to Britain than the present government; this was a clear indication that the Revolutionary Council was about ready to come to terms on a good, sound Suez deal. Grimacing from behind his dark glasses, Salem mimicked old Mustafa Nahas, and the crowd, in stitches, shouted the Arabic equivalent of "Give 'em hell, Salem!" At his elbow sat Premier Mohammed Naguib, offering encouragement.

The agreement itself rested last week in the lap of Winston Churchill's cabinet;



PROPAGANDIST SALEM & PRESIDENT NAGUIB
Keep the bicycle rolling or fall off.

United Press

Snapshot in 60 seconds

—EVER THINK WHAT
IT MEANS?



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others right on the spot? Admiring
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all but one of the major issues were settled. The main terms for ending the 75-year-old dispute: 1) Britain will evacuate the canal zone but leave behind 4,000 technicians to train Egyptian replacements; 2) the base will be commanded by an Egyptian, with a Briton as chief of staff; 3) Britain will be allowed to return to the base in event of an attack on any Arab nation (not including Turkey). The single remaining point of argument: Should the British technicians stay on for seven years (as the British want) or work for five (the Egyptians' maximum)?

IRAN

The New Shah

"I feel as though I were beginning my second reign," announced Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi five weeks ago when he flew back to Teheran and to the throne of Iran. "I am older and more experienced, and [now] I know what I must do."

Two weeks ago, when the young (33) Shah went out to Mehrabad airport to greet his Queen, returning from Rome, his step was firm, his shoulders back. He had given up sleeping pills, taken up tennis again and was working hard. He was spending long hours in his Saadabad Palace office, conferring daily with his new Premier, Fazlollah Zahedi, and with U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson.

A stream of orders and exhortations has begun flowing from the royal palace. The Shah sent crackling orders to Premier Zahedi to complete immediately an Isfahan irrigation project planned to bring thousands of acres into cultivation. He put pressure behind other reforms: a combined water supply-hydroelectric scheme for Teheran, completion of the much-needed Teheran-Tabriz railroad, low-cost workers' housing. He told Zahedi and Finance Minister Ali Amini to speed the return of the royal family estates, taken by Mohammed Mossadegh four months ago to thwart the Shah's plans to parcel out the land to landless peasants. Under the Shah's scheme, the peasants will make a small payment for the land, work it with the help of loans financed by the Shah.

At his right hand, counseling speed and firmness, was Iran's ablest and most respected statesman, Court Minister Hussein Ala. Onetime Premier, Foreign Minister, Ambassador to the U.S. and the U.N., shrewd, 60-year-old Ala was ousted from the court post last April by Mossadegh, resumed his old job after the Shah returned from his brief exile. One result: today, the old, meddling palace camarilla which made and unmade Premiers in backstairs intrigues is gone. Its leaders—Princess Ashraf and the Queen Mother—have not returned to Iran.

But aside from Ala and a few others, the Shah is painfully short of talented manpower he needs. Many of the best Iranians are standing on the sidelines and frowning at the new Zahedi Cabinet; they complain that its few able, honest men are outweighed by many unproven ones and a scattering of ministers whose hon-



SHAH MOHAMMED REZA PAHLAVI
Now he knows what he must do.

esty and objectives are, to say the least, questionable. "Perhaps," said one Iranian, "there are enough honest men in the Cabinet to restrain the dishonest ones."

The Shah, a shy and gentle young man, repeatedly says that he intends to be a conscientiously constitutional monarch, not an authoritarian like his famed father, Reza Shah Pahlavi, father of modern Iran. But the vast reforms needed to ease Iranians' poverty and the decisive acts necessary to check the underground plotting of the Red-led Tudeh and the supporters of old Mossadegh, must be accomplished fast to save Iran from fresh rebellion and capture by Russia. The new Shah's most immutable enemy is time.

SOUTH AFRICA

High Melting Point

In Johannesburg, a pudgy, sad-faced little Hindu unlimbered the weapon with which his father tumbled an empire. Mahatma Gandhi, 60-year-old son of India's revered Mahatma, was under sentence of \$150 fine or 50 days in jail for his part in a deliberate protest violation of South Africa's rigid race-segregation laws. Last week Mahatma withdrew his appeal and surrendered to Transvaal police. Said he: "My rightful place as a self-respecting person is in prison. . . . By my voluntary sufferings, I seek to melt the hearts of the government."

While Gandhi suffered, Prime Minister Daniel Malan, whose heart has a high melting point, pushed on with plans to abridge still further the liberties of South Africa's non-whites. Malan's next great objective was to exclude Cape Province's 49,000 voters of mixed blood from participation in "white" elections and to limit their political representation to four white M.P.s. Two of Malan's schemes to achieve this had already been declared

unconstitutional by South Africa's appeal court, so last week the old (79) preacher-politician called a joint session of the two houses of Parliament and tried to do the job constitutionally. But Parliament, for all its overwhelming sympathy with Malan's racial policies, gave him 16 votes less than the two-thirds majority legally required for a constitutional change.

Though his Nationalist supporters howled with rage, Malan blandly turned to another tack. Next day Parliament was confronted with a bill which would make a Malan-packed subdivision of the appeal court the final authority on constitutional matters. If the new bill passes, single-minded Daniel Malan will be free to proceed against "colored" voters, secure in the knowledge that the reorganized appeal court will approve whatever action he cares to take.

Mavis & the Law

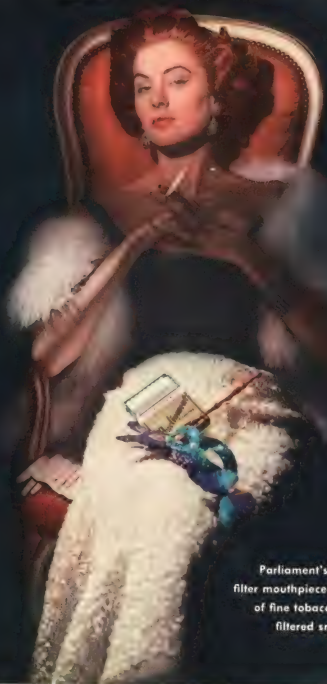
The first time Dr. Johan Hendrik Botha saw green-eyed blonde Mavis, she was clad in rags, covered with veld sores and standing barefooted on the cow-dung floor of a filthy Zulu kraal. Horrified, the doctor, who treats thousands of Zulus in the lonely hills of northern Natal, decided instantly that six-year-old Mavis was a white child; he took her home. Young Mrs. Botha gave Mavis a good bath, tied her hair in gay ribbons, gave her her first doll, her first shoes and set her on a table to learn to eat with knife & fork.

The Zulus could tell Dr. Botha nothing about the child's origin, save her name. She could not speak a word of English and the Bothas could only communicate with her through their Zulu kitchen boy. Mavis, however, loved her soft mattress and liked salsas better than the Zulu *putu* (porridge).

But last week, though Mavis had left the Zulus, she had not yet found a haven in Malan's white South Africa. Officials took a dim view of Dr. Botha's "rescue" of the child. Said the local probation officer: "Mavis may not be of pure European descent." The Bothas were told that Mavis might be placed in "an institution for colored girls." For under South Africa's race laws, people who cannot prove their "pure European descent" are judged "colored," however fair their skin, unless they can show they have "habitually associated" with white persons. And Mavis had spent all her short life with the Zulus.

Where was Mavis to go? She no longer belonged to the Zulus; in just two short weeks away from the kraal, she was taking on the ways of South African civilization. When the Bothas took her back to the kraal for a visit, her old Zulu "mother" called her "Missie" (Mistress) and kissed her. Mavis carefully wiped her lips with a handkerchief and turned away, saying angrily: "I am white, not black like this old woman. Take me away from here." Dr. Botha said desperately: "We are medically positive the child is pure white. Her eyes, hair, cuticles, gums, all prove she has no color in her. We feel definite that she was abandoned by white parents."

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gas Economy Run in which Lincoln topped all other fine cars with a record of 52.34 ton-miles per gallon (ton-miles take weight into account).

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Still energetically sightseeing in the sixth month of his world tour, Japan's 19-year-old **Crown Prince Akihito** moved up the Atlantic seaboard after his week in Washington and Williamsburg, Va. He toured Philadelphia (his hostess-guide: Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining, once his tutor in Tokyo), took the Pennsylvania Turnpike at 75 m.p.h. and, at the R.C.A. laboratory in Princeton, N.J., watched color television and inspected the egg of a sea urchin (magnified 10,000 times by an electron microscope). In New York the Prince turned up at a Yankees-Browns night game, was a red-carpet guest at City Hall, visited the Stock Exchange and United Nations headquarters, and was feted at a Waldorf-Astoria dinner. On the way to Hyde Park to lay a wreath at the grave of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Prince and his party got out for a stretch at Shrub Oak, Westchester, were routed by a woman who came flying out of a motel, crying: "You people get off here! Stop taking those pictures! If you don't, I'll call the police." The Prince journeyed on to New England before heading for Detroit and points west.

Onetime Movie Moppet **Margaret O'Brien**, out of pigtail and into evening dress at 16, came demurely up the celebrity line at the CinemaScope premiere of *The Robe* (see CINEMA) with a man at her arm: Toastmaster **George Jessel**, 55. Flashbulbs popped as Jessel hastened to explain that there was nothing between them: "My date tonight is with Margaret's mother."

After a busy holiday eve lunching with Irish Premier **Eamon de Valera**, holding a full Cabinet meeting and clearing his desk, **Sir Winston Churchill** slipped away

for a two-week vacation at the Riviera villa owned by Publisher **Lord Beaverbrook**, Puckishly traveling incognito as "Mr. Hyde," although 300 well-wishers gathered at London Airport to see him off and several hundred more met him at Cap d'Ail, Sir Winston was accompanied by his daughter Mary and her husband, Captain Christopher Soames, two secretaries and three Scotland Yard inspectors. "Cap d'Ail has received its mayor in a fitting manner," he remarked as the townspeople cheered him as their "honorary mayor" (a title conferred a year ago). "I have come to rest and paint," Churchill told reporters. "This is a holiday and I have a strong desire to get the best of it."

In Las Vegas, Nev., while bodyguards hovered nearby, photographers were let in to shoot **Rita Hayworth**, reunited with



RITA HAYWORTH & DAUGHTERS
Her money will be safe.

daughters Rebecca, 8 (by second husband **Orson Welles**), and Yasmine, 3 (by third husband **Aly Khan**). Then came some rapid-fire news: Rita and her crooning suitor, **Dick Haymes**, signed a pact safeguarding her money for her own use. Dick's third wife, **Nora**, divorced him in California and signed a waiver agreeing to his Nevada divorce. Haymes and Hayworth announced that their wedding would finally come off this week.

"There is no place in my kind of life for a wife," Wisconsin's Senator **Joe McCarthy** used to say. "I can't work at politics if I have to call home every half hour and if I can't stay away from supper when I want to." Next week in Washington's St. Matthew's Cathedral, Bachelor McCarthy, 43, will make a place in his life for tall, auburn-haired **Jean Kerr**, 29, "the most beautiful girl" at George Washington University in 1945 and for four years



SENATOR MCCARTHY & FIANCEE
Will he be home for supper?

a research assistant in McCarthy's office. Said the prospective bridegroom: "She's the prettiest and brainiest girl I've ever known. She got beside me when things were darkest."

While parading with fellow cadets at Sandhurst, the 17-year-old **Duke of Kent**, seventh in succession to the throne, glanced up briefly as a flight of jets buzzed low over the parade ground. His sharp-eyed sergeant major halted the company, read off the duke (addressing him as "Prince Edward Sir"), gave him the same punishment extended to several other eye rollers: writing 100 times, "I must not look up at airplanes while on parade."

The Chicago *Tribune's* Colonel **Robert R. McCormick**, still dredging up obscure heroes and scoundrels of history for his Saturday-night radio talks, had taken a moment out before his discussion of "An English Benedict Arnold—George Monk" for a special announcement: "Before I begin this week's broadcast I wish to convey to my listeners the desire to obtain two statues of Virginia Revolutionary statesmen and heroes that would fit into alcoves six feet high." Behind his cryptic appeal was a plan to embellish the wall of the "Nathan Hale Court," which fronts the Tribune Building. Within the week a factory offered to make plaster statues of any historical figures the colonel cared to name, but that wouldn't do. He was after the weather-resistant kind.

After seven days of going their separate, well-publicized ways and living in different hotels, Crooner **Frank Sinatra** and his cinemactress wife **Ava Gardner** patched up their lovers' spat in his mother's New Jersey home. Later, when Ava caught Frankie's act at a Jersey nightclub, the New York *Journal-American* was pleased to report: "As their glances locked, thunder boomed and lightning flashed . . . The Voice unleashed a torrent of sound at the sultry Ava. Emotion poured from him like molten lava . . ."



GEORGE JESSEL & DATE
Where was mother?

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KING-SIZE FILTER-TIP VICEROY

MEDICINE

Statistics of Survival

Since 1935, the Metropolitan General Hospital in Windsor, Ont. has been keeping careful follow-up records on all patients treated for cancer. Main conclusion, as reported by Dr. Norman A. McCormick in the current *Canadian Medical Association Journal*: "Ample proof that this disease can be cured." Because five symptom-free years are the medical yardstick for cure, the study stops after 1947. Items:

¶ In the 13-year period, the hospital treated 4,523 patients for cancer (as established by pathology tests). Of these, 1,204 lived for at least five more years.



CAROLYN ANNE & CATHERINE ANNE
"God was most generous."

Of the 298 who died after five years, only 91 died of cancer; 207 died of other causes. The rest (906) are well and free from any sign of the disease.

¶ Excluding patients with easily curable skin cancers, 17% of those admitted in 1935 survived the critical five-year period. By 1947, the five-year survival rate had risen steadily to 45%.

During the 13 years, said Dr. McCormick, there was no major change in hospital equipment. Improved results, he believes, are "due mainly to an increased familiarity with the disease, influenced to a lesser degree by the use of antibiotic and hormonal therapy."

Prayer & Surgery

In a New Orleans hospital last week, Ashton Mouton and his wife Rosa looked down on one of the most satisfying sights of their lives: their twin daughters, two months old, asleep for the first time in separate cribs. Until last week, Carolyn Anne and Catherine Anne had been pygopus twins, joined at the lower ends of their spines.

Two days after their birth in Lafayette, La. (pop. 33,541), where Ashton Mouton is mayor, the twins were taken to New Orleans' Ochsner Foundation Hospital.

There, for weeks, a team of doctors poked, prodded and X-rayed to map the exact extent of the girls' connection.

In their reactions, the children were bright and alert, and they had separate nervous systems. Their circulatory systems also seemed separate, and each girl had her own genito-urinary tract. But their lower intestines were connected, and X rays showed that the bone structure of their lower spines and the tough dural membrane that covers the spinal cord were joined.

Nowhere in medical history could the Ochsner staff find a record of successful separation of pygopus Siamese twins. Yet Carolyn Anne and Catherine Anne

were thriving (by last week they jointly weighed 14 lbs. 8 oz.). The doctors told Mayor and Mrs. Mouton that there was a good chance both would survive surgery. The Moutons agreed to the attempt.

All over New Orleans thousands prayed for the little girls and waited anxiously for hospital bulletins. Colostomy operations (to give each child an artificial rectum) had already been performed so as to lower the danger of infection during the main operation. Then, one morning last week, they were wheeled into the operating room. A team of 15 doctors worked for 2½ hours to complete the delicate job. Near by, the parents waited. Everything went according to plan. More spinal bone was joined than the surgeons had anticipated, but there were no unexpected difficulties.

"The outlook," said Hospital Superintendent Dr. Lester L. Weissmiller, "is very good . . . Every passing hour increases their chances for survival." Soon, if all goes well, the twin with the complete lower intestine will have her colostomy sewed up; the other may need hers for life.

"We're hoping to have the girls home by Christmas time," said Rosa Mouton. "God," said Ashton Mouton, "was most generous."

Too Little & Too Much

More and better incubators were just what the doctors ordered, and by the late 1930s a steadily increasing number of premature babies was surviving the dangerous weeks after birth. But by 1942, medical statisticians were already calculating the cost. Of premature babies who weighed 4 lbs. or less at birth, one out of every eight reared in hospital incubators was going blind. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the blood vessels of the retina would fan out in wild profusion. Fibrous tissue growing behind the lens would cloud the eyes and ruin the retina. Doctors were baffled. They could do little more than tag the disease with a name, *retrolental fibroplasia* (R.L.F.).

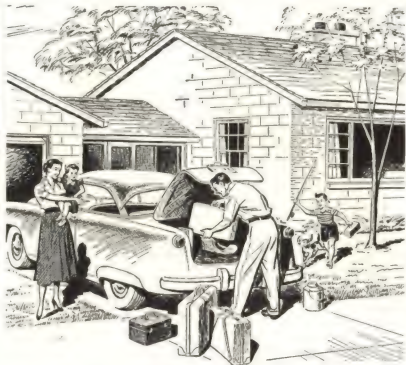
The sharpest eye specialists plugged away at the problem. Some blamed too early exposure to light; some suspected insufficient vitamins, and a few insisted that an unidentified virus was to blame. Then, in 1951, Dr. Thaddeus S. Szewczyk of East St. Louis, Ill. suggested that careful control of incubator oxygen might control the disease.

The inquiry quickly focused on oxygen. At Harvard, experiments with mice proved that too little oxygen at critical stages of fetal development caused a host of abnormalities, including a condition similar to R.L.F. In Melbourne, Australia, Dr. Kate Campbell recalled that R.L.F. had first appeared in Women's Hospital when new incubators were installed and all premature babies began to get liberal doses of oxygen. In Birmingham, England, doctors pointed out that the incidence of R.L.F. rose when premature infants began to get larger and longer doses of oxygen. When oxygen was reduced, the frequency of the disease decreased.

In the current *British Journal of Ophthalmology*, doctors from the University of London report on research that goes a long way toward proving Dr. Szewczyk's early guess. Working with kittens (whose eyes, at birth, are similar to the eyes of premature babies), the English scientists kept a record of the aftereffects of exposure to varying amounts of oxygen.

Litters of kittens were kept for days in an atmosphere rich (70% to 80%) in oxygen. At first, their retinal blood vessels shriveled and all but disappeared. Returned to ordinary air, the blood vessels quickly began to grow. They ruptured and spread in uncontrollable disorder—exactly as they do in human R.L.F. And strangely, litters kept in low oxygen concentrations (10% to 15%) developed a similar condition.

As every lab worker knows, humans seldom react in exactly the same manner as lab animals. But the English ophthalmologists are hopeful that their preliminary experiments contain some preliminary answers. It now seems more probable than ever that too much oxygen in the incubator, combined with sudden removal to normal air, may cause retrolental fibroplasia in premature children. And too little oxygen in the fetal blood stream may help to bring about the same condition.



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Price of Progress

The great Sir William Osler was gloomy about congenital heart disease. "[I]t has [only] a limited clinical interest, as nothing can be done to remedy the defect or even to relieve the symptoms." As for pneumonia: "[I]t can neither be aborted nor cut short by any known means..." Thus read the 1892 edition of Osler's *Principles and Practices of Medicine*.

Today, any well-read medical student can make vast corrections in Sir William's first edition, but man is still heir to numberless ills, and new problems come with new cures. Doctors' textbooks, observed Canadian Pathologist William Boyd at sessions of the International College of Surgeons last week, "do not tend to become smaller."

Syndromes for Comas. Every advance in therapy has its price, noted Dr. Boyd. "Since the discovery of insulin, the picture of diabetes has altered. The patient no longer dies of diabetic coma; he is spared to develop arteriosclerosis with diabetic gangrene, or the Kimmelstiel-Wilson renal lesion with the nephrotic syndrome and hypertension. If the diabetic is a child, he will live to be an adult and develop miliary retinal aneurisms and diabetic retinopathy [i.e., diseases of the circulatory system affecting the extremities, kidney and eye]."

"The patient suffering from pain can be treated with barbiturates, but he may pay a heavy price by dying of agranulocytosis [i.e., too few white corpuscles]... Blood transfusions have saved countless lives, but a patient who might have recovered without transfusions may die of hemoglobinuric nephrosis and anuria [i.e., kidney disease], no matter how carefully the blood may have been grouped and matched."

Sea of Carcinogens. Rare indeed, said Dr. Boyd, are the sicknesses that actually vanish, and there are more than enough new troubles to take their place. Among the industrial diseases, "beryllium granuloma and pneumonitis [i.e., diseases of lungs, skin, lymph nodes and liver, caused by exposure to beryllium fumes or dust] are new... because fluorescent bulbs with their beryllium content are new. Betanaphthylamine carcinoma of the bladder had to await the development of the aniline dye industry [i.e., cancer of the bladder caused by exposure to toxic chemicals]... In fact, it may be said that we swim in a sea of carcinogens [cancer-causing substances]. Changes in habits and diet expose us to new perils. Excessive use of tobacco, so-called refinements of food which result in the loss of essential elements, the increased stress of modern living and the increased age of the general population are apt to have their counterpart in new disease pictures."

The complications of medical advance are enough to give the medical man a few special syndromes of his own. But Dr. Boyd seems to think a doctor can still hold his own—provided he has "the outlook of a biochemist, as well as that of an anatomist, physiologist and pathologist."



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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
MAN was seeing his first football game. As the teams trotted out on the gridiron, his friend said, "Now you're in for more excitement than you ever got for \$1.50." "I doubt it," replied the man; "that's all I paid for my marriage license." He might have said, "I paid even less for my bottle of Courtney After Shave." And what excitement that generated! We've heard tell that Courtney After Shave has caused more excitement than a crooner at a bobby soxer's convention. According to these stories, the fragrance of Courtney After Shave on the male chin has it all over moonlight, gentle breezes, soft music, champagne or even 5-carat diamonds in creating romantic flutterings in the female heart. Besides, Courtney After Shave feels wonderfully refreshing on your skin... tingling, enlivening. Costs only \$1.25 plus tax and up... no more per day than the water you drink. At that price, or at any price, can any gentleman afford to be without it? Ask at your drug or department store... wherever they sell the finest of gentlemen's toiletries, Courtney.

Courtley
AFTER SHAVE

The background of the advertisement features a large, stylized illustration of the Statue of Liberty's head and crown on the right, and a large Buddha head on the left. The Statue of Liberty is depicted in a greenish-blue color, while the Buddha head is a darker green. The text is centered between them.

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way to
all
the Orient...

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Performance of the B-26 Invader is another example of Douglas leadership. *Faster and farther with a greater payload* is a basic rule of Douglas design.



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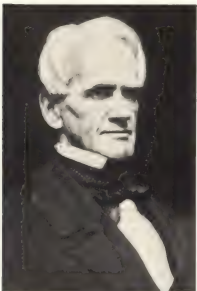
First in Aviation

EDUCATION

Democracy's Prophet

The stern face of Horace Mann looks down from the walls of the principal's office in thousands of public schools. Almost everybody who got past the fourth grade has been pounded with such Mannish aphorisms as "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity" and "Lost . . . two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes."

Behind the portrait and the proverbs, there is a Mann whose practical accomplishments in the cause of public education in the 19th century prompted John Dewey to call him "the greatest of the American prophets of education in and for democracy." In a new biography (*Until Victory: Horace Mann and Mary Peabody*; Little, Brown; \$5), Mrs. Louise



Bettmann Archive

HORACE MANN

Wanted: intelligence and virtue.

Hall Tharp is too close to the trees of worshipfulness to see clearly the forest of Mann's contribution. But her book is worth reading, if only as a reminder that Horace Mann was a titan in the field of educational statesmanship.

New Client. Mann grew up in a puritanical Massachusetts family. Until he was 16, he never attended school more than eight or ten weeks of any year; he was 20 before he began to prepare for college. Nevertheless, he sailed through Brown with high honors settled down to practice law in Dedham, Mass. This led him to the legislature, where he championed a bill to establish a state board of education. When the bill became law in 1837, he left politics and a profitable legal practice to take the \$1,500-a-year job as secretary of the new board, aphorizing in his diary: "Let the next generation be my client."

Public education had existed in Mas-

sachusetts since 1647, but "common schools" housed in pigsty style, were taught by underpaid (\$185 a year for men, \$65 for women), unqualified teachers using helter-skelter teaching methods; the well-to-do sent their children to private schools. This infuriated Mann, who believed that mass education was the key to successful self-government. "We need general intelligence and integrity," he cried. "Select schools for select children should be discarded."

Improvable Humans. In eleven years as secretary of education, Mann made Massachusetts a model for the other states. He spent \$2,000,000—an enormous sum at the time—building and repairing schoolhouses, opened at least 50 new schools, gave substantial raises to teachers. He established the school year, which had averaged two or three months, at a legal minimum of six months, opened the nation's first state normal school for the training of teachers. A devout Unitarian, he championed nonsectarianism in the schools on grounds that the way a man worships God is his own business.

Mann married Mary Peabody, a sister-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne and a member of a family of educational pioneers, in 1843 (his first wife died in 1832 after two years of marriage). He served four years in the U.S. House of Representatives, later became president of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio and there carried his theories into the field of higher education. He died in 1850.

Mann, who believed firmly in "the improvable of the [human] race," left some words of warning for his clients of following generations:

"Republicans, one after another . . . have perished through a want of intelligence and virtue in the masses of the people. They have been delivered over to anarchy and thence to despotism . . . If we do not prepare children to become good citizens . . . if we do not enrich their minds with knowledge, imbue their hearts with love of truth and duty and a reverence for all things sacred and holy, then our republic must go down to destruction, as others have gone before it."

Report Card

Q When New York City's public schools opened for the fall term, 200 newly appointed teachers failed to show up for work. Puzzled board of education authorities, who could only conclude that the teachers had been lured away by higher-paying jobs, announced an emergency substitute examination to fill the unexpected vacancies, got 6,000 telephone applications in one day.

Q Speaking to 1,000 freshly scrubbed students at William Chrisman High School in Independence, Mo., Harry Truman noted that after his graduation from Chrisman in 1901, the school and all its records burned. Said Truman: "There is no official record I ever got a high-school education. Some folks don't believe I did."



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PADDOCK—Havana Brown custom calf

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The basin's full of soggy things. You remove them gingerly and toss them in the tub with a wet smack.

Your wife waits until your face is fully lathered, then says, "Would you let the dog out, dear? I'm busy."

When you're ready to shave again, she's brushing her teeth. You peer over her shoulder, shaving a far-off face.

What should you do...lie on the floor and kick and scream? No!...One thing can save your sanity, and it's so much cheaper than psychiatry. That's a SILVER STAR blade.

Nothing soothes the trembling male like this superb blade of imported Swedish steel. Made by the exclusive Duridium process, it's man's answer to matrimony. (20-blade dispenser 98¢)

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Diggers

When the Romans occupied Britain, one of their big problems was the wild, tattooed Picts, who kept the northern end of the island in continual uproar. Fenced off at last by the famed Roman walls, the Picts remained as a troublesome relic of barbarism on the edge of the Roman empire. In *Archaeology*, J.R.C. Hamilton, assistant inspector of ancient monuments for Scotland, tells about excavations that reveal how the wild Picts lived.

Near Jarlshof in the Shetlands, off the northern coast of Scotland, is a great mound of wind-blown beach sand stuffed with stone ruins. For more than 50 years archeologists have poked at the mound, but the job of excavating it was not undertaken until a few years ago. Near the top of the sand were remains of houses built by the Vikings, who conquered the Shetlands in the Dark Ages. Farther down were strange windowless stone buildings that must have looked in their prime like a cross between a medieval castle and a huddle of Eskimo igloos.

Wheelhouse. Oldest part of the grim little hamlet was a "broch tower": a crude donjon keep. Beside it was a walled courtyard. For shelter against the rough climate, they had a "roundhouse" that was roofed along its circular outer walls, leaving an open space for a fire in the middle.

As the Picts grew slightly more sophisticated, they developed a better dwelling: a "wheelhouse" with radial, spokelike partitions supporting a massive roof of stone and turf. When the village was fully developed, the courtyard was crammed with five of these stone igloos.

During the growth of the Pictish village, the blowing beach sand heaped up around its walls, and some of the people took to living in underground houses sunk into the sand. The British diggers found

remains of their pottery, tools and weapons of stone, bone and iron, and many mysterious pebbles painted with crude designs. The pebbles are believed to be connected in some way with their custom of tattooing their bodies.

Day Fears. Except for such bizarre details, the Pictish way of life foreshadowed that of the Shetlanders today. They raised grain, caught fish and seals and gathered seabirds and their eggs. But they must have had some odd ideas, perhaps a part of their religion. A medieval chronicler, says Digger Hamilton, describes them as "Picts who did marvels in the morning and the evening, in building walled towns, but at midday they entirely lost their strength and lurked, through fear, in little underground houses."

Gradually the sand piled over the village of the day-fearing Picts. Their poor arts and crafts grew even poorer. At last came the invading Vikings, who did not kill all the Picts. A few survived for a while, to live as trembling serfs on the outskirts of the Viking settlement.

Model Record

The mechanical-minded young and not-so-young who fly model airplanes in tethered circles have a new mark to fly at. Last week Sherman Holt, 14, of Fayetteville, N.C. kept a model plane in the air for 8 hrs. 31 min. and 50 sec., leaving his nearest competitor more than seven hours behind.

Farm Boy Holt built his first (5¢) model at the age of six. Since then he has been working toward bigger projects. A few weeks ago he had the idea of refueling his latest model through a plastic tube running up the control wire. With help from older fans, he fitted the model with an extra gas tank and rigged the plastic tube.

First trial, which was at night, lasted



Drawn by Alan Sorrell, existed by J.R.C. Hamilton

PICTISH VILLAGE

At noon, everybody underground.



PILOT HOLT & CRAFT
From the neighbors, a counter-offensive.

for 3 hrs. 43 min., but was cut off after a counter-offensive by kept-awake neighbors. A good part of Fayetteville was on hand during Sherman's next flight. Every seven minutes or so, he pumped fresh gasoline into the tank. The flight would have lasted even longer if the extra gas tank had not vibrated loose. If the model had been flying in a straight line, it would have covered 257 air miles.

End of the Meter Bars?

Among science's most sacred relics are the standard "meter bars" of platinum-iridium that lie in an underground shrine at Sèvres, near Paris. Replacing a babel of medieval units, they originated in the spirit of innovation that followed the French Revolution. The newfangled meter was intended to be one ten-millionth of the distance between the earth's equator and the North Pole, but difficulties of measurement made the exact length hard to determine. So the meter that was finally accepted (39.37 in. in length) was almost as arbitrary a unit as the *ells*, *feet*, *rods* and *pieds de roi* that it replaced.

For a century and a half the meter, defined as the average distance between microscopic lines on a master meter bar, was good enough. Then science began to demand more exact measurements. Last week a ten-nation advisory committee meeting at Sèvres recommended that the hallowed meter bars be abandoned in favor of wave lengths of light. Next year a full-dress international conference will make the final decision. It will probably doom the meter bars.

The only decision left will be what kind of light waves to use as a standard. The Germans favor light given off by atoms of a krypton isotope. The Russians prefer cadmium 214. U.S. scientists would like to use mercury 198, which they have been making out of gold in a nuclear reactor.

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SPORT

The Upsets

College football was still a week away for most of the East, but in the South and West, the season opened with a bang. The fans flocked to watch the games and incidentally to see the changes, if any, brought about by the new rules. The traditional powers still looked rugged, but there were plenty of rough spots and a rash of upsets as teams switched over from two platoons to one. Among the biggest:

¶ The University of Alabama, ranked among the top ten in pre-season polls, went into its first game against little Mississippi Southern full of confidence, reeled off the field the victim of a stunning defeat. Alabama rolled up a 12-6 score in the first half, then faded and lost 25-19.

¶ Stanford, with a bench double that of its "breather" opponent, College of the Pacific, never could plug the leaks in its line and pass defense, trailed through the last three periods to lose 25-20.

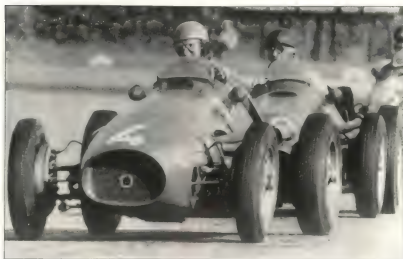
¶ The University of California, also rich in reserves, figured to trample all over Baylor University from Waco, Texas. But Baylor fielded a quarterback named "Cotton" Davidson, who played 59½ minutes, scored two touchdowns, and directed his team like a master. Final score: Baylor 25, California 0, the worst licking handed a California team since Coach Lynn Waldorf took over in 1947.

The Navy's Amateur

One of the toughest of all golf titles to defend is the National Amateur; in 40 years only two golfers, Bobby Jones (1924-25, 1927-28) and Lawson Little (1934-35), have done it successfully. Last week, at the Oklahoma City Country Club, G.O.P. Congressman Jack Westland,



Associated Press
CHAMPION LITTLER
On the last hole, cool as ice.



CHAMPION ASCARI IN LEAD (CAUGHT BY TELEPHOTO LENS)
On the last lap, a shriek of tires and a long sigh.

48, of Everett, Wash., the 1952 winner, set out to defend his crown from 200 top-flight amateurs. He found the pressure as heavy as ever. Westland lasted only until the third round.

Other big names went down in the scramble. Frank Stranahan, regarded by some as the top U.S. amateur, was beaten by a 39-year-old Sunday golfer, British Amateur Champion Joe Carr was put out; so were Charles Coe and Sam Uzzetta, onetime U.S. amateur champs. Two relatively little-known golfers survived to reach the finals: Dale Morey, 32, an Indianapolis salesman who won this year's Western Open; and Gene Littler, 23, a member of this year's Walker Cup team and currently a Navy storekeeper on leave from San Diego.

Playing some of the best golf of their lives, Littler and Morey fought it out evenly for 18 holes. Then Navyman Littler opened up a three-hole lead, and the gallery was about to concede him the match. But not Morey. Sighting his putter like a rifle, addressing his ball innumerable times before trying a shot, he put on a rousing spurt. He took the 28th hole to cut Littler's lead to two up, birdied the 34th and 35th to win two more and draw even with just one hole to go. But there his luck ran out. On the par-four last hole, Morey hit a trap, was on the green in three. The Navyman made it in two. As cool as ice, Gene Littler lined up a 20-ft. putt, briskly stroked it to the pin to become the new king of U.S. amateurs.

Master at the Monza

At the twisting Monza speedway near Milan last week, the roar of 80,000 voices mingled with the thunder of racing engines. Round and round the four-mile track swept 32 powerful, low-slung cars piloted by some of the world's finest drivers. Mostly the crowd kept its eyes on one racer: No. 4, the bright red Ferrari driven by Italy's Alberto Ascari. For 55 of the 80 laps, Driver Ascari hung back, jockeying for position, then made his move and

shot into the lead. On the last lap, still ahead by 20 yards, Ascari saw a rival edging closer, tried to fight him off by risking a curve at 120 m.p.h.

The speed was too great; tires shrieking, the red Ferrari slid out of control, spun wildly around. Two cars howled past, one nicking Ascari's stalled machine. A third slammed into him, and both cars hurtled off the track. The crowd raised a long, audible sigh when the two cars came to a stop and both drivers scrambled from the wreckage unhurt. The rest of the field swept on, and Ascari's arch rival Juan Fangio won in a Maserati.

Twice in a Row. It was typical of Ascari that he would push his car to the ragged edge trying to win Italy's classic Monza. Most men in his position would have played it safe. Streaking around tracks from Argentina to France, Ascari had already clinched the 1953 world championship by winning five of the ten Grand Prix races that count toward the point total. At Bern, Switzerland, he whipped his four-cylinder (180 h.p.) Ferrari around 1,300 curves in three hours to average 97.48 m.p.h.; in Belgium he was clocked at 112 m.p.h., in England at 92.97. Last year the story was much the same: Ascari won six of the big ten. Now, at 35, he is the only man in history to win the championship twice in a row.

Europe's racing fans know Ascari's exploits as well as the U.S. does those of Babe Ruth. The man himself is harder to know. A sneaky, self-possessed man with a burning spirit and wrists of steel, he first sat behind a wheel at the age of five, perched on the knee of his racing-driver father, Antonio Ascari. Growing up, he raced anything he could get his hands on—spitting little motorbikes, stock Fiat sedans, then sporty, 150-m.p.h. Maseratis. Finally, in 1947, Ascari won his first big-time race at Modena, and other drivers have been eating his dust ever since.

Jewels & Squeaks. For the past four years, Ascari has been driving for Motor-maker Enzo Ferrari, whose jewel-like

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(\$10,000 and up) speedsters have given him his greatest triumphs and narrowest squeaks. Until last week's Monza, Ascari's closest brush with death was 1949's Netherlands Grand Prix. Ascari was leading by three laps. "I was doing 120 m.p.h. on the straightaway," he recalls, "when all of a sudden the left rear wheel flew off and rolled into a meadow." Somehow, Ascari managed to keep his Ferrari balanced on three wheels, gradually let it slow down. Then the car rolled over gently, and Ascari pushed back his goggles and walked away.

After last week's Monza, Ascari would ordinarily be ready for a full fall and winter season, including the Mexican road race this November. But so far, he has no plans. A month ago, Builder Ferrari announced that he is giving up racing cars, and Ascari is under contract to race for no one else. Most Italians took the news with a grain of salt. They don't think Enzo Ferrari will really give up his beloved racers, and they can't believe that anything will keep Alberto Ascari off the tracks for long.

On Utah's spreading Bonneville Salt Flats, a team of British drivers had better luck in a race against time. Tooling his Austin-Healey sports car (2,100 lbs., 90-in. wheelbase, 90 h.p.) around an oval track, Designer Donald M. Healey and his crew of drivers kept it going for 30 hours on end to set 60 new international endurance records for Class D (123-183 cu. in. engine-displacement) cars. Record to impress sports-car fans most: 3,000 miles at an average 104.21 m.p.h. Record to impress Sunday drivers most: the first 500 miles (average 127 m.p.h.) at a gas consumption of 22.3 miles per gallon.

A Night for Carmen

Carmen Basilio is a swaggering young (26) ex-marine with the biceps of a river-ter and the combative instincts of a Brahman bull. As a prizefighter, he has won 36 out of 51 professional fights, and out of this indifferent record has won the title of New York State welterweight (147 lbs.) champion. Boxers respect his clumsy punch, but Basilio cuts easily, and when he earned a shot at the world championship, the experts thought him easy meat for a slashing hitter like Cuba's Champion Kid Gavilan. Last week, fighting in his home town of Syracuse, Underdog Basilio was nobody's pigeon.

Gavilan set out to give a boxing lesson, stabbing sharp lefts, waltzing away, rushing in for a ferocious flurry of punches. He got his comeuppance in the second round. Instead of backing away in confusion, Basilio met the champion head-on. He shook Gavilan with a right, landed a crushing left hook flush on his jaw. The crowd went wild: for the second time in 112 fights, the great Kid Gavilan was down, flat on his back, eyes glazed, pomaded hair askew. The referee counted to eight before the champion got to his feet and groggily hung on until the bell.

For the next six rounds, Basilio shot in punch after punch. Then the champion



Associated Press
BOXERS BASILIO & GAVILAN
The loser was no pigeon.

went to work at long distance, slicing Basilio with knifelike lefts, belting him under the heart with his famed bolo punch. From the tenth round on, Basilio's left eye was swollen shut; he fought on half-blind, but when he landed one, the champion's knees buckled. At the 14th round, the crowd was on its feet cheering; at the 15th, the roar drowned out the bell—both champion and challenger kept slugging away until the referee stepped in.

On the officials' score cards, Gavilan's masterful boxing overrode both Basilio's early advantage and his later courage. The decision: Gavilan, by a split vote of 2 to 1. For the records, Cuba's Kid Gavilan was the winner and still champion.

Scoreboard

¶ In Los Angeles, Aussie Tennis Star Ken Rosewall reversed Forest Hills, beat U.S. Champion Tony Trabert in the semi-finals of the Pacific Southwest tournament, went on to win the title by defeating Vic Seixas in the finals, 6-4, 1-6, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4.

¶ At Tarifa, Spain, Channel Swimmer Florence Chadwick plunged into the Straits of Gibraltar, swam the eight miles to Africa in the record time of 5 hrs. 6 min. Her next target: the Bosphorus.

¶ In Cincinnati, Rogers Hornsby, baseball's greatest right-hand hitter (lifetime average: .358) and most unpopular manager, was dismissed as manager of the sixth-place Cincinnati Redlegs. It was the fifth such job he has had since leading the St. Louis Cardinals to a world championship in 1926.

¶ At Watkins Glen, N.Y., Garage Owner Walter E. Hansen of Westfield, N.J., took his 160 h.p. Jaguar XK-120 sports car around 22 laps of wicked curves to win the annual road race. Average speed: 76.1 m.p.h.

¶ At Aqueeduct race track, Alfred G. Vanderbilt announced that his great three-year-old colt Native Dancer, suffering from newly discovered bruises, will race no more this year.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

End As a Man (adapted from his novel by Calder Willingham), though an old-Broadway production, is the first work that the new theater season can take any particular pride in. Far from perfect, and indeed a good deal less than a play, Playwright Willingham's picture of life in a Southern military academy is for two reasons generally good theater. Some of it is well written, and much of it is extremely well acted.

It is a brutal picture, with a core of horror imbedded in its accounts of mere hell-raising. All but one of the principal characters are fairly scarifying as future warriors or even as future citizens. There is a blabbing prig, a conniving misfit, an ingratiatingly evil Jocko De Paris (Ben Gazzara), a master of midnight ceremonies violent enough to mean court-martial and expulsion.

A behavioristic chronicle with scant interest in good behavior, *End As a Man* is the work of a gifted scene-writer who has still to become a playwright. Some of his play runs too long, some of it goes too far, while thematically the whole thing goes nowhere in particular. Mr. Willingham's play does not reveal how much the military academy itself is to blame—either through what it fosters or what it fails to prevent. But the play offers a number of telling, harshly humorous incidents; and thanks to the acting (notably of William Smithers, Ben Gazzara and Albert Salmi), it provides a real sense of human beings.

Broadway Blunders

Anna Russell and Her Little Show was built around an English mimic of various styles of singing and piano-playing. Diligent, perceptive, unfunny, Actress Russell was like a perfume that had every merit except fragrance.

Carnival in Flanders (book by Preston Sturges; music & lyrics by James Van Heusen & Johnny Burke) spent some \$300,000 and almost a year getting itself in shape as a musical. But it was still so shapeless that even the unflagging verve of its star, Dolores Gray, could not make it last more than a week.

A Red Rainbow (by Myron C. Fagan) was equally wooden and clumsy as the murdered-columnist whodunit it started off to be, and the anti-Communist-whodone-America-dirt it turned into. To keep the audience interested, it needed such allegations as that Harry Hopkins gave Russia the atom bomb.

A Pin to See the Peepshow (by F. Tennyson Jesse & H. M. Harwood) used an English love-triangle murder case, not in order to raise goose pimples, but to offer a slow-motion, 13-scene biography of the hanged but possibly innocent wife. The whole thing was so soporific that the opening-night audience could hear *A Pin* drop into limbo; there was no second performance.



WINTHROP SHOES

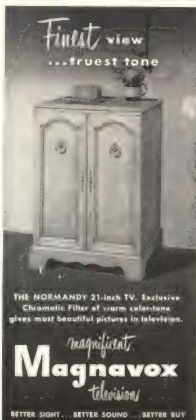
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If—like 1 out of every 3 smokers—you're sensitive to the tars and nicotine in tobacco, you want more than just a promise that a filter-tip cigarette will give you the health protection you need.

And KENT is the one cigarette that *gives you more than a promise*. Every week—on television and in store demonstrations—the effectiveness of KENT's Micronite Filter is tested before your very eyes . . . tested against other filter-tip brands selected at random from packages bought at retail!

The pictures shown here are action shots of one of these tests—as performed by Jonathan Blake, your host on the exciting TV show, *The Web*.

Kent

with exclusive
MICRONITE Filter
full smoking pleasure . . .
plus proof of the
greatest health protection ever



1. Everything equal. Two special glasses made with tubes through which smoke can be drawn are placed on a single sheet of plain white paper. Jonathan Blake explains that one glass will be used to test the smoke of the new KENT; the other glass will test the smoke of another filter-tip brand cigarette.



4. And here's your answer. When the glasses are lifted, you can see a harsh stain from irritants in the smoke of Brand X, scarcely a trace from the smoke of the KENT! The difference in the two stains represents the difference in the health protection you get from a KENT as compared to the filter-tip brand you may now be smoking!

cigarette smokers:

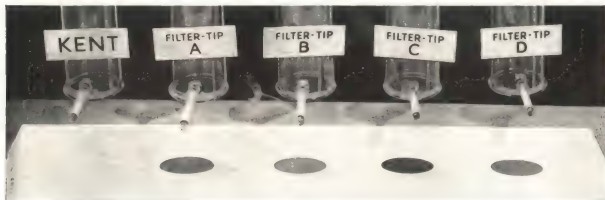
cigarette that can health protection



2. Millions watch him, Blake draws smoke from the KENT into one glass, smoke from Brand X into the other. Notice that the smoke does not enter his mouth. It is drawn into the glasses exactly as it comes through the filters of the cigarettes—exactly as it would enter your mouth if you were smoking!



3. Time is checked. Blake allows a few minutes for the nicotine and tar particles in the smoke to settle on the white paper. KENT's Micronite Filter differs from all other cigarette filters, for it's made—not just of crepe paper, cotton or cellulose like other filters—but from a material that has been used to purify air in atomic energy plants.



5. Against all comers. Here are the results of the same test performed in a laboratory, showing how KENT's filtering effectiveness compares with four other well-known brands of filter-tip cigarettes. Again the stains on the paper show you the tremendous difference between KENT and other filter-tip cigarettes. Remember that, when you smoke, the

same irritants that have caused the stains are drawn into your system. Here is further visual evidence that KENT's Micronite Filter takes out up to 7 times more nicotine and tars than other filter-tip cigarettes. Here is proof that KENT offers you the greatest health protection in cigarette history! Why don't you start smoking KENTs today?

"I drink all the
coffee I want..."



I get all the
sleep I need!"



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It isn't *coffee* that keeps so many people awake at night. It's the nerve-jangling *caffein* that ordinary coffee contains. And bitter-tasting *caffein* adds nothing to coffee's flavor or fragrance!

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It's delicious! It's 97% *caffein*-free!
It lets you sleep!

MUSIC

Merola's Requiem

Like its rivals, from Milan to Manhattan, the San Francisco Opera makes most of the popular stops on the grand-opera highway, e.g., *Carmen*, *Aida*, *La Bohème*. But San Francisco takes peculiar pride in traveling the byways as well. For its opener last week, San Francisco characteristically chose a seldom-heard version of the Faust legend, Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*, instead of Gounod's war horse, *Faust*.

The audience glittered, for San Francisco takes first nights with silk-and-sable seriousness. But the best show was on-stage. The Devil (Italian Basso Nicola Rossi-Lemeni) was gusty enough to shake the chandeliers. Visiting Met Stars Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce (as Marguerite and Faust) brought down the house with their prison scene. Nonetheless, there was a sense of melancholy on both sides of the footlights: General Director Gaetano Merola, the man who founded the company 30 years ago and built it to second rank in the U.S. (after the Met), had died two weeks before the opening (TIME, Sept. 7). The prologue's angels sang their harmonies almost as a Requiem.

Practical Payment. It was Merola's personal taste and his astute judgment of his audiences that brought to the San Francisco stage such rarities as Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*, Vittadini's *Anima Allegra* and Giordano's *La Cena delle Beffe*. It was also his doing that a good many famed singers made their U.S. opera bows in San Francisco, e.g., Italian Soprano Renata Tebaldi, Greek Contralto Elena Nikolaidi, Italian Tenor Mario Del Monaco. Some Merola discoveries resulted from his travels. Others were noted by diligent San Franciscans who are glad to spend as much holiday time in Salzburg and Bayreuth as in London and Paris.

Some of San Francisco's best financial brains are at work on the opera's board of directors. Among them: Utilities Executive Robert Watt Miller, Investment Banker Charles R. Blyth, Banker William W. Crocker, Broker Marco Hellman, Publisher (San Francisco Chronicle) George Cameron, Paper Magnate J. D. Zellerbach. These men have developed a practical method for handling annual deficits: holders of top-price season tickets (931 this year) pledge \$50 each, get charged on a pro rata basis when the season's deficit is added up (last year: a nearly nominal \$36,000). Cost of each year's new production (from \$20,000 to \$50,000) is covered by the active Opera Guild.

Singers First. Since the season is planned as far ahead as February, the present run still bears the Merola trademark. It was put together, according to one board member, "like a jigsaw puzzle." First the big-name singers were collected, then the repertory was fitted together to fill 22 evenings. Basso Rossi-Lemeni's

* With which Manhattan's Metropolitan will open its own season in November.

commanding presence made it possible to schedule *Mefistofele*, Boris Godunov and Don Giovanni. Wagnerian Soprano Gertrude Grob-Prandl and Tenor Ludwig Suthaus were imported from Germany to do *Tristan and Isolde* and *Die Walküre*. At week's end, Italian Coloratura Contralto Giulietta Simonato and Tenor Cesare Valletti drew ovations in Massenet's rarely heard *Werther*. German Soprano Inge Borkh is on tap for Strauss's *Elektra* and Puccini's *Turandot*.

The opera board says it will not even think about Merola's successor while the season is under way, although interested San Franciscans think they see several possibilities. Among them: Metropolitan Conductor Fausto Cleva, Assistant General Director Kurt Herbert Adler and Carl



FOUNDER MEROLA
His trademark carries on.

Ebert, director of England's Glyndebourne Opera. Once upon a time the death of the founder might have raised a question about carrying on, but not any more. "If we started to close," says President Miller, "there would be more racket than there is now when [Club Owner] Paul Fagan threatens to close the San Francisco Seals."

Progressives Abroad

For a generation or more, France has happily imported the jazz hot in all shapes and sizes; any combo, preferably Negro, that thudded realistically with a Dixie beat could take a flog at Paris with a reasonable chance of success. Lately, U.S. "progressive" jazzmen on tour have been meeting with mixed reactions from the uninhibited French, who boo at the drop of a diminished seventh, read newspapers while the music plays, shout "à l'opéra!" or "à dormir!" when the music is too polite for their tastes. Worst of all for the

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progressive musicians. French Dixieland fans make a practice of invading modernist concerts just to snort and bellow.

Last week Stan Kenton, a modernist bandleader whose arrangements blend bop-pish bounce with blood-curdling dissonances, prepared for his Paris debut with understandable misgivings. But when concert time came, the theater was very nearly filled. When the curtain rose, friendly applause swept up from the audience, and Dixieland partisans, if any, behaved themselves. Kenton & Co. gave them a program of tightly orchestrated originals, emphasizing in turn their lush reeds and knife-edged brassy. After listening to such Kenton favorites as *Collaboration*, *Opus in Pastels*, 23 North, 82 West (the coordinates of Havana), the crowd whooped "Bis! Bis!" Said Kenton, in a certain speech: "You have been very wonderful . . . I was most concerned."

Kenton and his progressives had thoughtfully scheduled Paris as the climax of a triumphant month's tour of the Continent. Earlier, from Scandinavia to Switzerland, they had given 27 concerts in 27 days. In Copenhagen some 10,000 fans stomped their approval so hard that Kenton & Co. began to fear for the floor. Amsterdam fans called them *mieters* (current Dutch slang for terrific). In Münster admirers rioted for autographs.

Progressive Britons felt frustrated. Because of a long-standing squabble between Petrillo's A.F.M. and the British Musicians Union, Kenton was not allowed to play in England. Not to be thwarted, 200 British fans flew in chartered planes to catch the show in Brussels, and at week's end, 3,000 more traveled to Dublin to catch Kenton's au revoir to Europe. "Over here," said Stan, "our music seems to be taken more seriously than back home."



Joan Rivers & Co.

BANDLEADER KENTON

In Amsterdam, "mieters"; in Paris, "Bis."



TOSCANINI REHEARSING "OTELLO" (1947)
A state of musical exaltation.

New Records

In the judgment of doting listeners, Arturo Toscanini's 1947 broadcast of Verdi's *Otello* may well have been the finest performance ever heard on the air. Soloists Herva Nelli, Ramon Vinay and Giuseppe Valdengo sang as if they were in a state of musical exaltation, and the NBC Symphony's orchestral commentary was both dramatic and tender. Recently, after long refusing, Toscanini agreed to let RCA Victor make records from the monitoring transcription, and last week the three LPs were released. It is probably the Maestro's masterpiece.

Other new records:

Bach: Sonatas and Partitas for Unaccompanied Violin (Jascha Heifetz; Victor, 3 LPs). Master Fiddler Heifetz brings some of the repertory's toughest music to life with his superb confidence and technique. There are a few passages where technique seems uppermost in his mind, but for the most part the slow movements have appealing warmth and the fast ones take off in whirlwinds of color.

Berlioz: Romeo and Juliet (Chorus and soloists with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch; Victor, 2 LPs). Musical sweet talk in its sweetest, if not most stimulating, performance on records. Included are some meltingly graceful choruses (sung by Harvard and Radcliffe groups) and solos by Contralto Margaret Roggero, Tenor Leslie Chabany and Bassist Yi-Kwei Sze.

Gershwin: Concerto in F (Leonard Pennario, pianist; Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg; Capitol). After his *Rhapsody in Blue* tipped Manhattan on its ear in 1924, Gershwin got to work on his ambitious concerto. Less jazzy than its predecessor and more of a patchwork than old-line concertos, it nevertheless teems with vitality and fun. Pianist Pennario lays into his

job with a will, and the orchestra turns in a high-spirited performance.

Masterpieces of Music before 1750 (Danish soloists and ensembles directed by Mogens Woldike; Haydn Society, 3 LPs). Fifty brief selections, carefully performed and recorded. The first disk begins with the constricted Gregorian chant beginning with the 7th century, goes up to 16th century instrumental dances. No. 2 takes the story from large motets by Lassus and Byrd up through early Italian opera by Monteverdi and massive 17th century organ music. The final disk contains mostly Bach and Handel works. A scholarly collection, but with plenty of appeal to the ear as well.

Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor (New York Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Bruno Walter; Columbia). A majestic reading whose importance is somewhat dimmed by the fact that it is the 15th LP of this famed work. Columbia's reason: Walter's 77th anniversary year. Other Walter anniversary recordings: *Mozart Arias* (2 LPs), sung by Eleanor Steber and George London.

Mussorgsky-Ravel: Pictures from an Exhibition (Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Columbia). Big star of this one is neither Composer Mussorgsky nor Orchestrator Ravel but Conductor Ormandy and his incredibly polished crew; even the thickest Mussorgsky treacle is bearable when cut by these magnificent winds and brasses.

Other newsworthy releases:

Bach's St. Matthew Passion, in a vintage 1939 recording by Willem Mengelberg and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Columbia); Respighi's *Pines and Fountains of Rome*, played by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony and wrapped in one of the fanciest album packages to date (13 pages of photographs of Rome, with text by Vincent Sheehan) at no extra cost (Victor).

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RELIGION

The Bishop's List

At the urging of the editors of the *Christian Century*, Lutheran Bishop Elvind Berggrav, retired Primate of Norway and one of six co-presidents of the World Council of Churches, set forth some of the criticisms European Christians are apt to make of American Christians "without attempting to say," wrote the bishop, "whether or not they are justified."

His list:

¶ "American Christianity is too often institutional rather than personal . . . congealed into a block rather than grounded in individual convictions.

¶ "American Christians appear rather self-assured about their own efficiency so that God sometimes seems to be about as much dependent on them as they on God.

¶ "To some European Christians, the American churches occasionally appear to have two altars, one for the dollar and another for God.

¶ "American Christianity often looks confused, lacking a truly creedal structure, and seeming to have no very clear conception of the place and role of Jesus as Savior and Redeemer.

¶ "American Christianity looks very much divided even within the several official denominations, as among Methodists, Baptists and Lutherans, for example. Such divisions often appear to be determined more by sentiment than motivated by sound theological reasoning . . .

¶ "The outlook of American Christianity often looks to us rather earthbound, expecting the fulfillment of God's Kingdom here on earth—one might even say . . . in the U.S.A. . . ."

Bishop Berggrav concedes that European churchmen are staggered by the fact that U.S. churches are steadily growing while church influence is declining all over Europe. "Perhaps," he muses, "we are like the son who said Yes, but did not do what he had promised, while the Americans are like the other son who said No, but did go on to do the Father's will. Is it perhaps that the Americans are weak in thinking things out, but quick and firm to act, while we are sound in our reasoning, but weak to carry through?"

Substitute for Pollyanna

One of the bright young men of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the U.S. is the 44-year-old Bishop of Worcester (Mass.), the Most Rev. John J. Wright, D.D. Boston-born Bishop Wright has had plenty of opportunity to acquire historical perspective: he studied for the priesthood in Rome, earned his doctorate there, and taught philosophy and theology at Boston's St. John's Seminary before becoming secretary to the late Cardinal O'Connell. In last week's *Commonweal*, he put his perspective to work in a timely reminder to Christian doom-croakers.

"Less than a decade ago men were talking of a 'brave new world,' a world of four universal freedoms . . . of nations



Walter Sandary—LIFE

BISHOP BERGGRAV

Are Americans doing God's will?

united and peoples at peace in a reign of concord and prosperity within a global new Arcady. Such a Pollyanna outlook . . . was described by one astute critic in the early '40s as 'Dawnism,' the ingenuous expectation that the millennium was at hand, or at the very most a political conference or two away . . .

"It is no longer necessary to rebuke the sunny follies of the Dawnists . . . What now calls for diagnosis and cure is the contagious mood of universal discouragement spread on every side by a host of Giants of Despair. These have turned Doubting Castle into a mighty conven-



Roger J. Reynolds

BISHOP WRIGHT

Has Doubting Castle grown too mighty?

tion headquarters for panic-stricken editors, lecturers, candidates for public office and even clergy, who, disenchanted with prospects for the millennium, bid us now prepare as best we may for the approaching dissolution of every hope and help."

Bishop Wright does not deny that the world is in a parlous state, but the man of faith and education, he insists, remembers that it was ever thus. Recalling "the small print of his history books, he watches with serenity as once again the tyrants who would tame God's men . . . are in fact slowly but surely tamed by them, if not in themselves, at least in their decadency . . .

"The lesson, then . . . is not that we should be Pollyannas but that we should be Christians, men of a confidence rooted in the recognition that men and events pass, God and His work endure."

As an example of a good Christian attitude for a bad time, Bishop Wright quotes the recent words of Cardinal Felin of Paris: "We believe in the future of humanity. We Christians are more optimistic than all others, even though we recognize the vast errors of which human nature is capable. We are not Utopians, but we know that grace is stronger than sin."

Christian Science on the Air

From 600 radio stations this week came a new kind of opening announcement. "The power of God," said a voice to a soft organ background, "is present and available today to heal you of sickness, sin, sorrow, and limitation . . . This program . . . is another in the series on *How Christian Science Heals*, produced and transcribed by the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts."

The Scientists were on the air with a 15-minute weekly series, each to consist of a believer's own account of a real-life crisis, followed up with a vest-pocket sermon by Lecturer Harry C. Browne, president of the Mother Church in 1948 and onetime trouper with such greats as Lillian Russell and Irene Bordoni.

On the first program of the series, Shipyard Worker Roland Allen told how one day he was inside a ship's fuel tank, welding a lid, when he found that the lid's bolts, which he had tightened with his fingers because he had forgotten his wrench, would not come unscrewed, and he was trapped inside. "The first thought that came to me was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon to be read in all Christian Science churches the next day, 'God the Preserver of Man,' I kept this in mind and prayed as I had been taught.

"The suggestion came: 'You are alone. It is 4' above zero and Saturday noon. No help will come before Monday' . . . Fear swept over me . . . I was trying to twist the bolts out with my fingers . . . Finally I realized I must stop these efforts and trust wholly in God . . . I waited quietly, and it came to me, 'Take out the pin to the hinge.' The argument came, 'What good will that do, the bolts hold the lid.' But I followed the voice . . ."

After Allen was free, Spokesman

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Browne lost no time in making his point: "Perhaps you haven't realized that your bonds were self-imposed, and that with your own thinking you have forged the fetters that are binding you? But you have... Just as surely as the divine voice spoke to our friend in the tank of the ship and directed his release, so that divine voice speaks to you and me as we learn to understand God aright..."

"Friends, it's worth trying, don't you think so?"

No More Prêtres-Ouvriers?

One of the most noteworthy religious experiments since World War II has been that of the French worker-priests (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950)—young priests who take jobs and live as workers, saying Mass, hearing confessions and carrying on their pastoral functions in their spare time. The long-range aim of the movement: to reach anticlerical French workmen who have been notoriously easy prey for Communism.

But to many a watchful prelate it has looked as though the worker-priests were more converts than converters. Two of them were arrested in last year's Communist-inspired riots against General Ridgway (TIME, June 23, 1952); others burst into print from time to time with letters to the Communist press criticizing Catholic labor-union policies as not militant enough.

Last week the worker-priest seminary at Limoges announced that its reopening was indefinitely postponed. Simultaneously, the official paper of the diocese of Chartres published a letter sent in July to all archbishops and bishops of France by Cardinal Pizzardo, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities in Rome. The worker-priest experiment, wrote Pizzardo, has "had a negative influence in the formation of young priests and, because of this, any further attempts of this kind are to be discouraged..." As a consequence, this Sacred Congregation absolutely forbids all seminary students in France to engage in any kind of temporary work.

Though only seminarians were so far affected, the 90-odd practicing *prêtres-ouvriers* in France could see the writing on the wall. A compelling reason for the change in policy was probably the need to conserve France's supply of young priests, which has been dwindling. According to Cardinal Liénart of Lille, the Seminary of Lille had an average of 53 students a year between 1930 and 1949 but has only 32 today; the Seminary of Carcassonne had 112 students in 1900 and has only 34 now; two other French seminaries recently shut down entirely. With seminarians so scarce, and young men so impressionable, the bishops are not for taking any chances.

At a recent gathering of the clergy of Toulouse, peppery, 83-year-old Cardinal Saliège pointed a blunt finger at a group of young priests sitting in the back of the room. "Nous vous avons à l'œil, mes gosses!" [We're keeping an eye on you, my lads!] he warned them.

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Then it dawned on him

There's always a whole lot left!

All too often, people overlook one very important fact when buying fire insurance. A house will burn, but a house lot will not!

Many property owners unwittingly lump building and land together when establishing a fire insurance figure. They're spending money for coverage on something that fire can't destroy anyway. On the other hand, like many of us, these same people are almost invariably carrying too little insurance on the contents of their dwellings.

Highly inflammable clothing, rugs and furniture go begging for protection.

It's a case of unnecessary coverage in one direction and inadequate coverage in another. If this is your story too, you're spending money ineffectively and flirting with irreplaceable loss.

Better take a good look at your fire insurance coverage. For a good man to help you, call in The Employers' Group Agent — "The Man With The Plan".

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THE PRESS

Free Ride

While Manhattan's tabloid *Daily News* and *Mirror* were offering to hand out \$25 to \$50,000 a day for "Lucky Bucks" and "Bonanza Bills" (TIME, Sept. 21), Long Island's tabloid *Newsday* found a way to cash in on the circulation stunt without shelling out a single dollar. Last week, atop the page, *Newsday* announced: "Here Are All New York Papers' Lucky [Numbers]." Said *Newsday*: "Tired of lugging home [several] newspapers a day to find out how much your dollar bills are worth? . . . So are we . . . We're not interested in handing out thousands of dollars; we just want you to collect them. So we're going to help you . . . as a public service. And if that means letting you know where to pick up some \$50,000 a week [by printing] the serial numbers of all those highly prized bills . . . why that's for us. Especially if it's somebody else's money."

A Beat for Grandma

As a reporter on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Bernice Freeman, 48, in her spare time once edited a weekly in nearby San Rafael. On her staff was an amiable cub reporter named George Boles. "George didn't turn out to be a very good reporter," she recalls, "but he had a flair for excitement and wrote the most marvelous stories. Only we couldn't print them—libel, you know." So his career as a reporter was short. When Bernice Freeman gave up the weekly job and began devoting all her time to the *Chronicle*, George fell into the habit of calling her from time to

time "just to say hello." Several days ago, Boles got in touch with Reporter Freeman once again, and this time he had more than a friendly "hello"; last week his message touched off one of the biggest murder stories San Francisco papers have had in years. The murderer: George Boles.

"I Did It!" Boles, 28, had been arrested last month at Nevada City, 140 miles from San Francisco, as a suspect in the murder of Edmund Hansen, one of several recent killings in the past two years around the gold mines of the Mother Lode country in the Sierras. The police suspected a gang of hoodlums led by an ex-convict named Jack Santo, now on trial in Los Angeles for another murder. Boles, who had often been seen with members of the Santo gang, denied knowing anything about the Hansen murder, but repeatedly asked to see *Chronicle* Reporter Freeman. Finally the police agreed.

When Bernice Freeman, a grandmother who has four daughters (one older than Boles), entered his Nevada City cell, she greeted George warmly: "What gives, honey?" Answered George sadly: "It doesn't look so good." He said he was innocent of the Hansen murder, and blamed his arrest on "a web of circumstances." Reporter Freeman checked the evidence against him, then put it to George straight: "If you'll tell me positively that you had nothing to do with the Hansen murder, I'll do everything I can to get a good criminal lawyer to help you." He thought a minute, then said quietly: "I can't do that to you, Bernie. I did it."

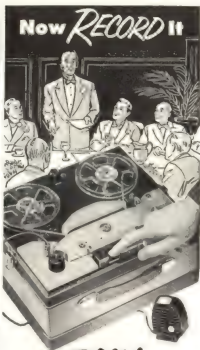
"The Bad Man." Within an hour, she had his full confession, involving the Santo gang just as the police had suspected. Reporter Freeman knew just how to keep her story exclusive; George dictated his confession to the police but held off sign-

* Along with papers around Manhattan, and such other dailies as the Los Angeles *Herald* & *Express*, New Orleans *Item*, Wichita *Beacon*, Boston *Traveler* and *Record*.



GEORGE BOLES & REPORTER FREEMAN
"What gives, honey?"

San Francisco *Chronicle*



the *EASY* way with RCA's new **PUSH-BUTTON** Tape Recorder

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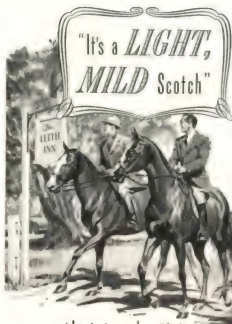
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ing it for a day. When the *Chronicle* broke its Page One exclusive, the police were deluged with calls from Hearst's rival *Examiner* and later the *Call-Bulletin*. There was no confession yet, newsmen were correctly told. For two days the *Chronicle* played Bernice Freeman's beat, until Boles finally signed the confession.

Goaded into producing their own exclusive by the *Chronicle's* beat, the *Examiner* and *Call-Bulletin* feverishly set out to try to solve another in the series of murders, the killing of a grocer and three children in a \$7,000 payroll robbery. Hearst men got the four-year-old daughter of the grocer, the only survivor, to identify the killer as one of the Santo gang. Then the *Chronicle* went to work and proved the identification a fake. The Hearstlings had shown the girl the picture with the lower half of his face covered, and under such circumstances the girl's mother said her daughter would call anyone "the bad man who did it." It was clearly Reporter Bernice Freeman's week. Said she: "This has been the most exciting week of my life. But I still am very fond of George."

Needed: More Newsprint

For more than ten years, newspapers all over the world have felt the squeeze of newsprint shortages. Last week, after three years of investigation, a House Judiciary Subcommittee reported: "Supplies of newsprint during the year are more favorable than they have been for many months, [but] the time has not yet been reached where efforts to assure adequate supplies of newsprint can be in any way relaxed."

With about 80% of U.S. newsprint coming from Canada, the subcommittee's chief recommendation to overcome the scarcity and the high prices that result (up 150% in the past ten years) is to increase U.S. newsprint output by: 1) expanding newsprint mills by granting more fast tax write-offs to newsprint producers; 2) making newsprint from sugar-cane waste (bagasse), which "could well transform the [world's] pattern of newsprint production"; 3) encouraging other new sources of newsprint, using more hardwood instead of softwood for pulp. If these and other recommendations are followed, concluded the subcommittee, newsprint supply, which is now "far from reassuring," may become ample.

To the Niminy Piminy

"The success of the London *Daily Mirror*," lamented the staid London *Economist*, "is a sore reflection upon a democracy, sometimes called educated, that prefers its information potted, pictorial, and spiced with sex and sensation." Nevertheless, just that style of journalism has made the *Mirror* the biggest daily in the world (circ. 4,432,700). Last week 40-year-old *Mirror* Editorial Director Hugh Cudlipp ("If you don't like the *Mirror*, you don't like the human race") told the erratic success story of the paper in a book, *Publish and Be Damned!*, as irreverent and racy as the *Mirror*



We went West with General Custer



THIS CRACK STREAMLINER, the North Coast Limited, is now 12 hours faster between Chicago and the North Pacific Coast. Freight cars—including a thousand brand new 50-ton box cars—also are speeding along at a faster pace. New continuous welded rail and a new electronic train radio system are other recent Northern Pacific improvements which today bring better-than-ever service to passengers and shippers on Main Street of the Northwest.

Echoes of war-whoops and gunfire had barely died away when Northern Pacific's sledge-and-shovel army blazed trail for the first transcontinental railroad across the Northwest.

Just seven short years after Custer and his cavalry met disaster at Little Big Horn in Montana, our first train triumphantly reached the Pacific.

Though General Custer, shown here with a group of his scouts, played a brief but vital role in protecting Northern Pacific survey parties, the railroad and the area they defended are *still* making history today.

In Minnesota, new taconite processing

plants have just given our nation's iron ore industry a tremendous boost. In the Williston Basin across the Dakotas and Montana, rich oil fields have been uncovered beneath wheat fields and grazing land. In Washington's Columbia Basin, water power and irrigation are now sparking a startling new growth in what was once a million-acre desert.

Things are *moving* on Main Street of the Northwest. And to keep them moving, Northern Pacific is working constantly to improve railroad service. Many major improvements have already been made—still more are on the way. Keep your eye on NP!

THINGS ARE MOVING ON *Main Street of the Northwest*



You'll like the faster North Coast Limited



"Don't Quote Me"



by Reg Ingham
KIPLINGER STAFF EDITOR

There are lots of pitfalls for the unwary in covering Washington news. One of the worst is the "off the record" device used by many government officials in talking to the press.

Sometimes this device is valuable; sometimes it backfires—mainly because "off the record" means different things to different people. To one official, it means "don't quote me, but here's the lowdown." To another, it means "this is for your guidance, but don't print it."

At Kiplinger's, we avoid the pitfall. We never quote anyone. Our news sources know this, so they talk to us freely, give us all the facts. Then we weigh these facts in the light of related information we have and pass on to our readers an independent judgment of what is involved or in prospect. This means, of course, that we can't hide behind our sources. We accept full responsibility for whatever we print. Which makes us doubly careful.

Another curious phenomenon of journalistic life in Washington is the trial balloon. The average tourist visitor to the nation's capital never knowingly sees a trial balloon go up. For one thing, there are no visible launching sites. But such ascensions are commonplace experiences to Washington newsmen.

A Congressman or bureaucrat, wishing to test public reaction to some pet project or policy, "leaks" a story to reporters—"off the record"—and then sits back to await results. Accepting such stories at face value is another of the pitfalls that beset the Washington press corps.

It's not always easy to recognize a trial balloon on sight, but that's one of the jobs we try to do at Kiplinger's for our readers. Calling such shots as we see them helps Kiplinger subscribers judge the worth as well as the prospects of such proposals. It must work; more than 8 out of 10 subscribers renew year after year.

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itself. The book's aggressive theme: "The London press is too nimny piminy."

For the Ladies. The *Mirror* itself was as nimny piminy as it could be when it was founded in 1903 by the late great Press Lord Northcliffe as "a newspaper for gentlewomen, produced by ladies of breeding." After less than a year, with its circulation barely at 25,000, Northcliffe decided the paper was a "mad frolic" because "women can't write, and don't want to read." He ordered his editor to fire the staff and start over again, remaking the *Mirror* as Britain's first popular picture daily. Getting rid of the women, said one of Northcliffe's editors, "was a horrid experience—like drowning kittens. They begged to be allowed to stay. They left little presents on my desk, laylaid me tearfully in the corridors." But the change worked. By 1914, when Northcliffe took vigorous personal control of the London *Times* (TIME, May 19, 1952) and sold the *Mirror* to his brother, Lord Rothermere, circulation was more than 1,000,000.

Rothermere quickly became outraged by the *Mirror*'s sex and sensation, changed its style. He set the *Mirror* out on a dull and endless campaign against national "Squandermania," tried to capture readers with a series of giveaways and contests. "In a decade of brashness," says Historian Cudlipp, "the *Mirror* offered gentility." Rothermere also made some wrong guesses in politics, spoke kindly of Hitler, Mussolini, and even of Britain's home-grown Fascist Oswald Mosley. Gradually the paper lost readers, and in 1931 Rothermere finally stepped out, selling his shares on the open market. The *Mirror* was swiftly transformed. Readers accustomed to seeing features about swans on the Thames awoke one morning and found such inch-high headlines blanketing the front page as MOTHER SLAYS BAE IN WOODS TO MAKE WAY FOR LOVER.

The Plunk. The man most responsible for the explosive change was Harry Guy Bartholomew, "brilliant, truculent, mercurial, [whose] normal means of communication with his staff was the hand grenade; if urgent, the thunderbolt." "Bart," who habitually pushed his Rolls-Royce at 70 m.p.h., drove his staff just as hard. Frankly, he liked to take visitors on a tour of the city room, bang an editor over the head with an eight-foot plank, then rock with laughter when his guests found that the plank was made of feather-light balsa wood. On occasion, the *Mirror* used the slogan, "All the News You Want to Know and Which Nobody Else Will Tell You," and the paper's book column boasted: "There is no need to waste time on a boring book if you follow our selections."

Bart's new editorial diet paid off. But though the paper went forward, it traveled through hot water. During World War II, the *Mirror* hammered the government so fiercely that Prime Minister Churchill charged the *Mirror* was like a "very clever fifth column" that had only "hatred and malice toward the government." Members of Parliament threatened to suppress the *Mirror* and in-



London Daily Mirror

EDITOR BARTHOLOMEW

After drowning kittens, hand grenades.

vestigated the *Mirror*'s ownership to find out who controlled the paper, suspecting German money might be behind it. (Actually, the *Mirror* is owned by 10,300 stockholders, with no single controlling interest.)

The People. The *Mirror* weathered the crises, moved closer and closer toward the Labor Party. In 1945 it helped push Labor into power. By 1948 the *Mirror* passed Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, added to its logotype: THE BIGGEST DAILY ON EARTH. FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE. Once the Labor Party was entrenched in power, the *Mirror* screamed "Attlee must go," bitterly attacked the party it had supported for losing touch with "the people." But in 1951 it rallied to Attlee and the Labor Party again, on election day even ran a picture of Churchill and Attlee alongside a drawing of a pistol ("Whose Finger Do You Want on the Trigger?"). Churchill promptly charged the paper had called him a warmonger, sued for libel and won a \$3,500 settlement plus a public apology. But the *Mirror*, at the peak of its success, had even more serious trouble. Bart was restive working with the paper's second-in-command, Cecil Harmsworth King. Lord Northcliffe's nephew. Inscrutable as ever, more than a year ago Bart stormed into a board meeting that had questioned his authority, ended up leaving the paper he had built and retiring.

Under its present boss, Cecil King, Fleet Streeters expect the *Mirror* to move slowly toward the right without abandoning any of its moneymaking, cheeky ways. Oxford-educated Editorial Chairman King, 52, is at home with the *Mirror*'s sensational journalism, but, like his uncle Lord Northcliffe and his predecessor Bart, he has learned another lesson from the *Mirror*'s success: the paper moves with the people, and in Britain, the people have been moving right.



1. "Here we are in the famous lower deck lounge of *The President Special*. That's my husband, Burt (with those slightly loud socks), sitting on my left. Aboard *The President Special* you also get Pan American's 'Sleepette' service. This big, soft easy chair leans 'way back and stretches out full bed length. Or, for a little extra, you may choose a wide, comfy berth!"



2. "We arrived on the dot at London Airport, ready for 9 days of fun . . . walked across Westminster Bridge toward the Houses of Parliament (above) . . . to Westminster Abbey, and then taxied to the Tower of London. You get a sense of the great sweep of history in this city."

How to spend 9 days in **ENGLAND** on a week's vacation!



3. "We were awed by the regal splendor of the Changing of the Guard at Whitehall (above). Indeed, time and again, we were struck with the dignity of London. The countryside on the other hand—well, I really know, now, what a 'peaceful countryside' means. We saw it on our way up to Stratford-on-Avon and I can see it still—peaceful, green, contented."

"For our first trip to Europe, Burt and I chose *The President Special*. Those big double-decked 'Strato' Clippers take you there overnight."

MET Pat and Burt Dutcher of Darien, Connecticut! Their photographs and the story of their trip, in *their own words*, appear on this page.

They chose the extra-fare *President Special* because its convenient Friday afternoon departure from New York gave them just the 9 days they wanted in England. *The same luxury non-stop service leaves New York, Saturdays, for Paris.*

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Strictly for the Birds... but very nice for spectators, too, is the screen of USS Stainless Steel wire used to keep these prize exhibits safe in their cage at the Chicago Zoological Park. The stainless steel wire is strong, safe, long lasting . . . but has the additional advantages of corrosion-resistance and smart good looks. It will stay bright and clean-looking. Inset shows the enormous size of the screened-in structure.

so well



Space Saver for Small Homes. Here is a combination that is being used extensively in many of the newest homes for large housing projects where kitchen space is at a minimum . . . a sink, refrigerator and range, all in one! This combination unit, fabricated entirely from USS steel sheets, has been awarded a prize for versatility in design.



True or False? You pay more for a pound of bread than you do for a pound of steel. Much to the surprise of many people, this statement is *true*. A pound of bread today costs almost three times as much as a pound of steel. At an average price of about 6¢ a pound, steel is the cheapest of all metals.

For further information on any product mentioned in this advertisement, write United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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New Flight Hangar of Boeing Airplane Co. at Wichita has the largest hangar doors ever built. The entire sidewalls of the building move upward and outward for clearance (see inset). Each side of the building has one opening 528 feet wide and another 265 feet wide, each as high as a six-story building. More than 13 million pounds of USS Steel were used in building the hangar. Shown are 92½-ton Stratofort bombers.

How Big Can They Get? As this regulator gate for Garrison Dam, Bismarck, N. D., indicates, the steel components that go into the construction of a modern dam seem to get bigger and bigger. This one, fabricated and erected by U. S. Steel, is 18 x 24½ feet and is believed to be the largest ever built for high head, low level service. There are three like this in the dam, each weighing 200 tons.



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Satisfied Customers

The radio-TV industry heard some sweet music from some happy sponsors:

¶ Kraft Foods, which has sponsored television's longest running show, the *Kraft Television Theater*, since May 1947, was so pleased with the pull of its commercials that it doubled the ante. Beginning in mid-October, the Kraft Theater will have a full hour on ABC television Thursday nights, in addition to its Wednesday night hour on NBC, for a total of 104 plays a year instead of 52 and six directors instead of two.

¶ The Philco Corp. liked its five-year-old *Philco Television Playhouse* well enough to sponsor a new radio show, the *Philco Radio Playhouse* (debut: Sept. 30, ABC), which will take the easy way out by using half-hour adaptations of Philco's hour-long TV dramas.

¶ Ekco Products Co. of Chicago, biggest U.S. manufacturer of housewares, thought so much of television that it made a bit of history by signing, at one fell swoop, to sponsor four new ABC network nighttime programs: *The George Jessel Show*, *Jamie*, *Quick as a Flash* and *Comeback*.

Problem Tune

The 18-year-old *Lucky Strike Hit Parade*, back for its fourth television season, gets its weekly list of the nation's seven most popular tunes in a plain envelope from a research firm (known only to a few insiders) whose methods are kept secret. When the plain envelope arrived for the season's first show a fortnight ago, anxious *Lucky Strikers* ripped it open, were relieved to find that the fast-rising Ray Anthony hit recording, *Dragnet*, was way down in 19th place.

Reason for the sighs of relief: *Dragnet* is a blaring, full-blown version of the theme song of the popular radio-TV show sponsored by Chesterfield. Last week *Dragnet* was still 10th on the *Hit Parade* listing, although *Variety* now put it second among disk jockeys, third in retail, second on coin machines. Would the *Hit Parade* play a rival cigarette's theme song if it reached the *Lucky Strike* top seven? "Certainly," snapped a *Lucky* executive. "We couldn't possibly not play it. Our whole reputation is involved." Is the tune likely to make it yet? "I don't know. We've seen some funny things happen."

Keeping Jerry in Line

Paul Winchell,* mouthpiece-godfather of a goggle-eyed dummy named Jerry Mahoney, is out to prove that there is more to his talents than dandling a doll on his knee. Television's top ventriloquist, Winchell is beginning his sixth TV season by filling his half-hour show (Sun. 7 p.m. E.S.T., NBC) to the brim with Paul Winchell, master of ceremonies, man of many voices, dramatic actor, singer, dancer and soap salesman (Cheer and Camay). By

such breathless activity, Winchell, a muscular, 29-year-old New Yorker, hopes to escape an occupational hazard of ventriloquism: becoming incidental to his "doll" in the public mind.

End as a Stoooge. A ventriloquist's dummy is usually the center of attention and gets most of the funny lines in a comedy act. Edgar Bergen, never as well known as his Charlie McCarthy, once lamented: "I didn't intend to end up the stooge in the combination, but it pays so well I can't quit now." Winchell, who does not enjoy being addressed as "Paul Mahoney," tries to dominate his dummy by demanding top billing, keeping some of the laughs for himself, and crowding Jerry's act by introducing new characters. A Brooklyn bumpkin named Knucklehead



JERRY MAHONEY & FRIEND
He surmounts reality.

Smiff is now getting a big buildup. But Jerry, a red-haired, eye-rolling twelve-year-old, remains a scene stealer whose small-boy enthusiasms (Winchell reads comic books to keep in style) and good-natured sauciness (but none of Charlie McCarthy's lethal impudence) surmount the reality that he is actually 25 lbs. of whitewood, metal and rubber, with rods, latches, levers, springs, glass eyes and a broomstick spine.

The present Jerry Mahoney is a reincarnation of a dummy carved by Winchell in a high-school commercial art class. Like many another ventriloquist, Winchell got his start by answering an advertisement ("Amaze your friends, throw your voice into a trunk") which offered "The Secrets of Ventriloquism" (25¢). After discovering that ventriloquists do not actually throw their voices but create the illusion that they do, Winchell proceeded to amaze his friends. At 14, he also impressed radio's Major Bowes, who gave him \$100 first-

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of comparison

— the finest

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golden-tone

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2 speeds

The minute you see and hear the new Golden Tone Ekotape, you'll know that your fondest dream of an ideal portable tape recorder has come true! And only by seeing its beautiful styling—hearing its gloriously mellow tone—and experiencing its unequalled simplicity of operation can you appreciate its superiority, judged by any standard you choose.

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* No kin to the gossipist.



"Why don't you talk to the people at Chase?"

A good question for Treasurers and others concerned with employee benefit plans

The guest was getting hungry and tired—tired of his host's monologue on the headaches a Treasurer inherits when the time comes to get going on an employee benefit plan.

"Why don't you do what I did?" he interrupted. "Why don't you talk to the people at Chase? Come on—let's eat that steak!"

For your information, that's just

what hundreds of corporation officials have done—talked to the people at Chase *before* adopting pension and deferred profit-sharing plans.

A group of specialists at Chase—known collectively as the Pension Trust division—does the listening and (we might as well confess it now) a goodly share of the talking. They've got a lot to say because they've had

a lot of practical experience in serving as trustee under benefit plans for big and little companies in many types of industry.

But *your* company has *special* problems. Of course. So have most companies. That's why Chase people always make a detailed study of "special problems" before proposing an employee benefit program.

Interested? Then look to the next page for a few suggestions on the first steps to be taken.



Facts for Treasurers and others concerned with employee benefit programs:

A note to the Pension Trust division, Chase National Bank, 11 Broad Street, New York 15, is a good way to start exploring the general subject of retirement programs.

If you're in a big hurry, call HANover 2-6000, or better yet—stop by in person and go directly to the Pension Trust division's 2nd floor headquarters.

Either way, the Pension Trust specialists will go to work for you at once... acquainting themselves with your particular situation... helping you develop step by step the plan best tailored to your needs and yet within the limits of your pocketbook.

Then, when you're ready, they'll talk Trusteeship. They'll show you how every dollar in your Plan will be handled, how they'll invest your funds and why.

Incidentally there are no obligations involved in "talking to the people at Chase." There are, however, many advantages both tangible and intangible.

Why not get in touch with the Chase if you're faced with developing an initial employee benefit program or revamping your present plan?

It pays to do business with Chase

THE
CHASE
NATIONAL BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
[MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.]

prize money on his *Amateur Hour* and a \$75-a-week contract to perform in one of his traveling vaudeville units. Winchell was on the road for the next ten years playing theaters and nightclubs.

Into the Gap. By the time Winchell got to the big radio money in 1944, Edgar Bergen was the nation's most successful ventriloquist. But was it ventriloquism? On a sightless medium, it was less an illusion than high aural comedy by a man with a natural wit and an educated larynx. Television was another matter. Bergen, his technique rusty after radio, made a few exploratory TV appearances, then went off to semi-retirement to think things over and work on his movie autobiography (*From Little Acorns*). Into the gap streaked Winchell, his ventriloquial skills razor-sharp.

Nagged by the thought that he might become typed as a ventriloquist and some day go stale, Winchell began taking on straight acting roles ("I want to become so flexible that I just can't get into a rut"). today does a weekly seven-minute dramatic sketch midway in his comedy show. He turns down most offers to guest-star his ventriloquist act on other television programs, but he keeps an ear cocked for calls for Paul Winchell, actor. It's not that he doesn't have enormous affection for his wooden pal Jerry, but he asks: "How long can I stick with him? My project is building me."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Sept. 25. Times are E.D.T. through Sept. 26, E.S.T. thereafter, subject to change.

RADIO

This Game of Baseball (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). A salute to the national sport, narrated by Bing Crosby.

The Bob Hope Show (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Beginning Hope's 16th year.

20th Century Concert Hall (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Leopold Stokowski.

Old Vic Theater (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). Two hours of *Macbeth*, starring Alec Guinness and Pamela Brown.

Stars Over America (Tues. 10 p.m., all networks). Community Chest show, with Ray Bolger as M.C.

My Son, Jeep (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). A new comedy series.

TELEVISION

Your Show of Shows (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Still Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca.

Medallion Theater (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS). Sir Cedric Hardwicke in *The Big Bow Mystery*.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Sarah Churchill in *Queen's Way*. **Jamie** (Mon. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Brandon (Shane) de Wilde in a new comedy series.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Big Money*, by John Dos Passos.

Cavalcade of America (Tues. 7:30 p.m., ABC). A radio veteran tries TV.

Buick-Berle Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Berle tangles with Frank Sinatra.

DANDRUFF

*Why it may be
"the beginning of
baldness"...*

We do not claim miracles. We can't prevent baldness. Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff.

Dermatologists differ as to causes of baldness, but say the condition symtized by excessive dandruff does often lead to baldness.

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spor of Malassez*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands, dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

A scalp hygiene program

Watch your general health; if "run down," see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the right kind of care. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kreml Method of scalp hygiene—used by leading barbers and hairdressers:

Tonight, shake Kreml Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously. Next, apply your favorite shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. The lather comes easily if you have used enough Kreml Hair Tonic.

Now, rinse with water. Lather again. Rinse. Dry hair thoroughly. Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning: Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place.

At first, more dandruff flakes than usual may appear. This simply means dandruff is being "chased out." In stubborn cases, repeat Kreml-and-shampoo treatment.

Inhibits growth of Spores

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kreml inhibit the growth of the Spores of Malassez. The Kreml Method has helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

Money-back offer. Try the Kreml Method; and, if not entirely satisfied, write The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. Enclose Kreml label—tell us what you paid. We will gladly refund your money.

Get Kreml today. And if you need shampoo, ask for our Kreml Shampoo. See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head feel better! The J. B. Williams Company.

Kreml Hair Tonic

ART

Place for Glass

Stained-glass design has been on the decline for seven centuries, ever since its peak splendor in Chartres' cathedral. Describing Chartres, Henry Adams said that "no other material, neither silk nor gold . . . can compare with translucent glass, and even the Ravenna mosaics or Chinese porcelains are darkness beside them."

Some modern artists have begun to rediscover this truth. Last week brought two ambitious shows of modern stained glass.

¶ In Recklinghausen, Germany, in a converted bomb shelter, 25 artists offered their experiments in stained glass for churches. Since more than 7,000 German churches were destroyed during World War II, these men may have plenty of commissions in the next decade. They favor abstract art, wedded to gothic glass techniques, and hope to woo churchmen away from the sweetly realistic style so long in fashion. The Netherlands' Johann Thorn Prikker, who died in 1932, has done as much as any stained-glass designer to set the new direction for his German colleagues. He was represented in the show by two brilliant, semi-abstract windows; one with a dove to symbolize the Holy Spirit and the other with a fish to symbolize the Christ. More somber were Ignatius Geitel's windows illustrating the Apocalypse, one of which showed an apocalyptic horseman with a greenish face, red hair and yellow halo.

¶ In Manhattan, a midtown gallery was showing stained glass by 18 living Americans, many of them well-known painters. Among the standouts was a rectangular abstraction by I. (for Irene) Rice Pereira, done in two layers of glass whose straight lines seemed to shift their positions whenever the viewer shifted his. Equally original, but with more feeling, was Peter Ostuni's abstract evocation of three shadowy figures, composed mainly of cracked plaques and crushed chunks of colored glass melted directly onto a white pane.



"Augustus John" & Sculptress
Next, Adlai?

Fieri Fiore

A cigar-smoking, 32-year-old sculptress named Fiore de Henriquez rippled the placid pond of British art last summer by inspiring venerable (75) Painter Augustus John to work in clay (TIME, Feb. 23). Last week Fiore was showing off her own work at her first one-woman show in London. She was a good show herself, greeting visitors with a middleweight's handclasp, swinging her heavy black mop of hair and dusting her 21 exhibits with the sleeves of her sweater. Her work was less lively than she, but it showed promise.

There were some rather conventional heads; softer, less formal busts, mostly in terra cotta; small plaques, mostly relevant in subject; two lead statues, *Standing Figure of a Boy* and *The Bird Boy*,

both pseudo-Grecian, idealistic pieces. Outshining them all was a bust of Augustus John, a shaggy, forceful bronze that seemed like a quick-frozen hunk of the old man. Said *Time & Tide*: "A searching interest in humanity . . ." Reported Fiore: "Augustus said I was a master. He may have been a little tipsy at the time, but I think he meant it."

Fiore hopes to settle in the U.S. She likes big group sculpture, and feels the U.S. is just the place for it: "First because they have money. And then, places like Texas, why, they must want big group pieces, perhaps a stagecoach in the square." Her first American project will be on a smaller scale: a head of Adlai Stevenson.

Horizontal or Vertical?

France's Architect Le Corbusier, the prophet of vertical living who thinks that even Manhattan skyscrapers are too small, came in for some criticism last week in London's *Economist*. His familiar prescription for overflow populations from ever-growing cities is the super apartment house, a kind of human hive (he has just finished a 20-floor prototype at Marseille, placing 1,500 people on a 450-by-66-ft. plot). The alternative, says the *Economist*, is the sprawling suburb, "the village green multiplied by unplanned expansion" that all too easily turns into an "amorphous and soulless mess . . . the suburb which, proverbially, the Devil made." But Le Corbusier's solution, a hangover from the "walked stronghold and the cave-settlement," can be even more diabolic. It has advantages: e.g., it reduces commuting distance to the city, makes such amenities as washing machines and parks cheaper because they are used by more people. But, "no expanse of parkland made available by vertical concentration, no crèche on the 18th floor, will make up for the handkerchief of private garden . . . The privileges of . . . gathering up a fearful toddler within a few seconds of his tumble at play, of quieting a squabble . . . without leaving the milk to boil over may seem trivial to architects; by mothers they are valued much above communal laundries."

PUBLIC FAVORITES (31)



CHAPIN

JAMES CHAPIN, 66, is among the nation's best portraitists, yet his art is seldom shown and his name seldom heard. One reason is that Chapin is at his best painting not notables, but the unknowns who happen to move him. His obvious purpose is to make each of his subjects more than a mere personality on canvas; he tries to express ways and qualities of life. For example, Chapin's *Ruby Green Singing* (opposite) tries to portray "the beauty of Negro music and the Negro people." The grandeur of this idea belies the surface simplicity of the painting.

Whether or not the picture communicates as much as Chapin hoped it would, it does find a responsive chord in a great many people. *Ruby Green* is the public favorite in a deep-South museum: the Norton Gallery at West Palm Beach, Fla.

In 1922 Painter Chapin got fed up with Greenwich Village

and outgrew his own imitations of Cézanne. He found a \$4-a-month log cabin in northern New Jersey, holed in there for five decisive years. Chapin emerged from the hills with portraits, as sharp and solid as plowshares, of the hard-bitten farm people among whom he had lived. Shortly after his return, in Manhattan, Chapin happened to see a young Negro girl named Ruby Green singing in the Hall Johnson Choir and did her portrait (as Ruby Greene—absent-minded Painter Chapin misspelled her name—she now has a small part in the Manhattan revival of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*). His work is as clearly in the American grain as that of Thomas Benton and Grant Wood, and happily free of both Benton's swagger and Wood's snigger.

Nowadays Chapin lives with his wife and two sons in a pre-Revolutionary house "on a lot of land" in Glen Gardner, N.J. Seven mornings a week he paints, and "since the house is so old, there's always work to do in the afternoon. I do enough gardening so the boys can have fresh vegetables. Sometimes I play a little tennis. It's a very pleasant life."



JAMES CHAPIN'S "RUBY GREEN SINGING"



The New Haven's 40 RDCs Get Busy and Business

THE New Haven Railroad now operates 40 Budd rail diesel car RDCs. And the New Haven, RDC, and New Englanders are getting along very well together.

So well, for example, that when the railroad reinstated passenger service between Worcester and New London, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, it carried 82,000 passengers the first year, using one RDC Monday through Friday, and two RDCs Saturdays and Sundays.

Passenger traffic in and out of Boston's South Station has increased by thousands daily.

All over the non-electrified portions of the New Haven's system, scores of new schedules have been added to take full advantage of RDCs ability to provide frequent as well as pleasant service. These include many middle-of-the-day "shoppers" runs, which are proving very popular.

New Englanders take pride in being a little different. But their response to RDC is typical of people everywhere, from Australia to Cuba, from New York to California. The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Budd

PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

MILESTONES

Married. Colette Marchand, 28, French ballerina, star of stage (*Two on the Aisle*) and screen (*Moulin Rouge*); and Jacques Bazire, 25, musical director of the Ballets de Paris; in London.

Married. Rosemary Turner McMahon, 36, widow of the late Brien McMahon, Democratic U.S. Senator from Connecticut (1945-52) and head of Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy; and Baron Robert Silvercruys, 59, Belgian Ambassador to the U.S.; he for the first time, she for the second; in a quiet church ceremony; in Washington, D.C.

Divorced. William Vincent Astor, 61, Manhattan real-estate king who inherited \$65 million from his father, John Jacob Astor; by his second wife, Mary Cushing Astor, 47, eldest of the late brain surgeon Harvey Cushing's three beautiful, millions-marrying daughters (her sisters' husbands: CBS Board Chairman William Paley, Manhattan Financier John Hay Whitney); on grounds of mental cruelty, after nearly 13 years of marriage, no children; in Pocatello, Idaho.

Died. (Michael) Maximilian, 58, Manhattan furrier who built up a \$3,500,000-a-year business designing high-styled, high-priced mink and sable coats for women of wealth and fashion (Marlene Dietrich, the Duchess of Windsor, Doris Duke, et al.); after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Lewis Corey (real name: Louis C. Fraina), 61, author-economist, who helped organize the U.S. Communist Party (1919) and became its first secretary; of meningitis; in Manhattan. Born in Italy, he came to the U.S. as a child, joined the Socialist Party, after the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution emerged as a spokesman of the party's Marxist extremists, hoped to become an American Lenin. Under federal indictment for sedition, Agitator Corey fled the country in 1920, in Moscow got a hero's welcome and a disillusioning first look at the new workers' paradise. Back in the U.S. and no longer a party member, he turned out a set of widely read, statistics-laden tracts (*The House of Morgan, The Decline of American Capitalism*, etc.), became a leading anti-Communist educator in the U.S. labor movement, a professor of political economy at Antioch College.

Died. Joseph Sigall, 61, Polish-born portrait painter of European monarchs (Britain's George VI, Germany's Wilhelm II), U.S. Presidents (Coolidge, Hoover, F.D.R.) and celebrities (General Douglas MacArthur, Film Siren Pola Negri); of a heart ailment; in La Jolla, Calif.

Died. Percival Wilde, 66, prolific playwright (*The Aftermath, Mother of Men*) and author of well-turned mysteries (*Design for Murder*); following a heart attack; in Manhattan.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Debentures. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

\$150,000,000

General Motors Acceptance Corporation

Eight-Year 3 1/4% Debentures Due 1961

Dated September 15, 1953

Due September 16, 1961

Interest payable March 15 and September 15

Price 99 1/2% and Accrued Interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Debentures in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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September 15, 1953.

AIRFILM

**Singled Out for
Approval by
National
Foot Health
Council**



*used
exclusively
in*



Only one shoe cushion — AIRFILM — has been selected for approval by the National Foot Health Council, the recognized foundation for better foot-care.

... and why was Airfilm chosen?

Because, since it's pneumatic, you really walk on air, a fact accepted by the U. S. Patent Office in patents granted.

Completely nailless, completely air-cushioned heel to toe, Airfilm Shoes are moderately priced ... surprisingly so for a shoe so outstanding in comfort and quality.

See your Airfilm dealer ... or write direct for his name and an interesting and informative circular. The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin.

"Airfilm" is a registered trademark of Airfilm Corporation.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Put & Take

A new reshuffle of the arms program last week ended in a dollar balance, at least so far as orders to industry were concerned. While Air Force engine orders were cut by about \$500 million, the Navy announced a shipbuilding program of \$503 million. The Navy will build a third Forrestal-class, 60,000-ton supercarrier, to cost \$210 million, plus destroyers, minesweepers and landing craft.

The Air Force cutbacks will chop from 2,000 to 6,000 engines off firm orders already on corporate books. The cuts were made to bring engine production in line with overall reductions in plane production and the reduced Air Force flying

ber. Nash will wind up production of Pratt & Whitney's R-2800 piston engine by May, and Chevrolet will stop making Wright's piston R-3350. Buick will continue making the Wright jet Sapphire only until present shortages are made up; then it will stop production. After the cutbacks go into effect, the only secondary supplier will be Ford, now tooling up to make Pratt & Whitney's J-57, whose schedules were not cut. However, all of the cutbacks are being made slowly, because, said Talbott, "We're not going to let these plants suddenly go boom and shut them down."

The stock market took the new cutbacks in stride. The announcement of the reductions came while the market was

debt issues, one of the largest single week's totals on record.

There was just enough pinch in the money supply to keep interest rates high, but there seemed to be no shortage of buyers if the price was right. And despite the flood of new private issues, Government bonds provided their own surprise: they rose to the highest point since spring. Since higher prices spelled lower yields and cheaper money, it meant that the tight-money market had actually loosened up a bit.

Some of the buying was by investors who had sold their stocks and wanted to invest conservatively until they decided how the market would go. But much of the buying also came from those who thought interest rates were about at their peak and that they would not get as good a return in the future. There was a growing feeling that the big worldwide bogey was no longer inflation, but deflation.*

Despite the quick bond sales, it was a buyer's market, and big lenders drove some hard bargains. Before they would buy, 15 big institutional investors (mostly insurance companies) demanded that the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co. agree not to try to refund a \$35 million issue at a lower rate for the next ten years. The SEC, which usually opposes, in principle, such provisions to freeze current high-interest rates into an issue for long periods, let the clause stand, only because it thought Arkansas Louisiana probably could not have got the money without it. But the clause was a tacit admission by the lenders that they believed money would become cheaper.



DEFENSE PLANNERS TALBOTT & WILSON*
They weren't so hungry as they thought.

Associated Press

program (TIME, Sept. 14). Another reason for the cut: jet engines have been improved to such an extent that not so many spare engines are needed. Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott explained that the flying time of a jet, without an overhaul, was originally estimated at 100 hours. But the new engines run for more than 250 hours. Said Defense Secretary Charles Wilson: "This is just like ordering a big beefsteak, a pound, and finding you only want a half-pound. . . . Not knowing how hungry we might be for these spare engines, we ordered more than we could eat. . . ."

The reductions also meant the end of engine production by all secondary suppliers of all production models, except for Pratt & Whitney's J-57. But the hardest hit was General Electric, a primary producer of the J-47. It will cut its monthly production in half. Packard and Studebaker will stop making J-47s by Decem-

starting to recover, after a wave of heavy selling had tumbled the Dow-Jones industrials to 255.5, their lowest levels in 26 months. Nevertheless, the market kept on climbing, and ended the week just about where it had begun.

FISCAL

The Bond Boom

Corporations and local governments are in the midst of the biggest bond-selling campaign in U.S. history. Some financial men had worried that the unprecedented non-Government demand for long-term money, added to the Treasury's huge needs, might soon outrun the supply. But by all signs last week, there was no cause to worry. Investors bought more than \$400 million worth of private and local

* Center, Air Force Lieut. General Orval R. Cook, Deputy Chief of Staff for Materiel

AUTOS

The 1954 Cars

Behind carefully guarded doors this week, U.S. automakers are putting down the chips in a \$350 million poker game. The stake: the cost of retooling for new models for 1954. The biggest bets are being placed on larger, more rakish-looking cars and more powerful engines. The use of power steering, power brakes and automatic transmissions has spread so fast that they will all be optional equipment on most lower-priced lines. Among the big changes for 1954:

GENERAL MOTORS, the industry's pace setter, is making the greatest changes, in January will bring out new bodies on all its five lines of cars. There will be two principal new types of bodies. One, three inches lower and two inches longer than 1953 models, will probably go into the cheaper models of the Buick and Olds lines. The other, an inch lower and five inches longer than current models, is planned for the bigger Buicks and Olds-

* As if to confirm that sort of thinking, the Bank of England (followed by the Bank of France) proceeded to loosen up credit by lowering its discount rate, belittling of all British sterling-area money rates, from 4% to 3½%.

TIME CLOCK

mobiles and cheaper Cadillacs. Most G.M. cars will have wider vision with one-piece "wrap-around" windshields. Cadillac, which is boosting its horsepower from 210 to 225, will offer sports models with some of the features of G.M.'s futuristic, experimental models displayed this year (wire wheels, cutaway fenders exposing the whole wheel). The industry rumor is that Buick is taking the holdest step of all by adding to its three existing lines a sports model, with 170-h.p. engine and a light metal frame and body, to be priced somewhere between the Special and Super models. Chevrolet and Pontiac have kept their new looks top secret, but production of the Chevrolet's fiber-glass plastic sports car, the Corvette (160 h.p., 102-in. wheel base, 2,900 lbs.), will be boosted to thousands.

FORD, which will bring out its new cars in early January, has spent \$60 million building new power plants for both the Ford and Mercury. The Ford will be stepped up from 110 h.p. to 125 with an overhead valve V-8 engine; the Mercury will go from 125 h.p. to 150. Ford's major body change is a new front quarter panel which gives a higher fender line, a longer-looking silhouette. Mercury's rear panel is being lengthened to give a similar look of greater length. The Lincoln is little changed, but its easy-steering type of front-wheel suspension is being put into both the Mercury and Ford.

CHRYSLER, which made its major body changes in 1953 models, is concentrating on more horsepower and spectacular experiments in color. When its 1954 cars come out in October, the top-price Chrysler's engine will have 235 h.p., the most powerful reported to date. Moreover, Chrysler is using its own torque-type automatic transmission (similar to Buick's Dynaflo) as standard equipment in Chrysler and DeSoto, and optional in Dodge and Plymouth. Chrysler is also going after the woman driver with bold use of color on interior fabrics, and new body-finish colors touted as the flashiest the industry has ever seen.

Other plans for next year:

NASH is bringing out a small (85-in. wheel base), four-passenger sports car in February. A combination of Nash and British Austin parts, it is expected to sell for under \$1,500.

STUDEBAKER, which pioneered the U.S. market with a mass-produced sports car, will change its design little, but will add a low-slung station wagon to its line.

HUDSON, first out with its new models this week, showed off a longer-looking car and a higher-compressed (7.5 to 1) engine with dual carburetion which steps the Hornet's power up to 170 h.p., the Wasp's to 149.

PACKARD will have only minor changes in its standard line.

KAISER MOTORS will make only face-lifting changes on its Kaiser, Henry J, Jeepster and Aero.

DESPITE recession talk and scattered layoffs, many industries, such as steel, are headed for one of their most profitable years. Overall corporate profits this year now seem likely to hit near-record peaks, second only to the alltime high in 1950.

HALF of the 54 million families in the U.S. have assets of \$500 or more—enough to pay all their debts—and one in ten is worth \$25,000 or more. Net worth of the median U.S. family, according to a Federal Reserve Board survey, has climbed \$500-\$1,000 since 1950, now stands at \$4,100.

TEN airlines that fly air coaches will crack down on "no-shows" as soon as CAB gives its expected approval. Passengers who fail to appear, or who cancel their space less than three hours before flight time, will be penalized 20% of the price of their tickets (minimum penalty: \$3).

ADVERTISERS, notably the book clubs, will find it easier to push their products in the future, under a new ruling of the Federal Trade Commission. The commission reversed its 1948 position that merchandise might not be offered as a "free" if customers had to buy something to get it. Under the new rules, a "free" offer may be made if (1) the strings are clearly defined, and (2) the regular price is not increased or quantity or quality reduced.

HOUSEWIVES can expect to pick up bargains at next January's white sales. Three big sheet-and-pillow-case makers have slashed wholesale prices 5% because of poor sales, but it will take some time for the savings to show up at retail counters.

PAPERBACK book publishers are astonished at the record-breaking sales of Signet's 75¢ reprint of James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*, especially since many of them thought the price too high. When the

first printing of 500,000 copies sold out in six days, Signet ordered a second edition of 300,000 copies, sold it almost as fast. Signet now expects to sell more than 1,000,000 copies by the end of the first month.

AS an aftermath of General Motors' \$70 million Livonia fire (TIME, Aug. 24), insurance companies are rewriting their recommendations for industrial plants. They will demand greater use of sprinklers, curtain boards and other fire-retarding devices.

CHRONIC electric power shortages in the Pacific Northwest are beginning to ease up, and utilities are now edging up to a new problem: selling all the power produced by the big new dams scheduled for the area. Washington Water Power Co., the state's second biggest private utility, will soon start its first sales-promotion campaign in ten years.

ALUMINUM producers are heading into a buyer's market. Predicts Reynolds Metals President Richard S. Reynolds Jr.: "We will be pounding the pavement [early next year], instead of having customers knocking at our doors."

MERGERS and liquidations are killing off small banks so fast that only one bank is being started for every two that close their doors. One financial expert predicts that by 1978 there will be only 10,500 banks in the U.S., 25% fewer than today.

HADIST prediction of the week came from Hoffman Radio Corp.'s President H. Leslie Hoffman. Said he: "The electronics industry . . . will, within the next few years, replace the automotive industry in position of importance to the country . . . I predict that electronics . . . excluding television, will show [gross sales] of \$7½ billion during the next three years."

COMMODITIES

Help for Bolivia

The U.S., which already has an adequate tin stockpile, last week signed a contract to buy 10,000 tons of tin concentrates during the next year from Bolivia. The price: the New York market quotation at the time of delivery. For Bolivia, whose economy is almost totally dependent on tin production (tin exports give it more than 80% of its foreign exchange), the agreement meant a guaranteed market for a third of its output, and a chance to bolster its sagging economy.

The contract broke a long deadlock between the U.S. and Bolivia's revolutionary government. Ever since the RFC stopped buying tin in quantity in 1951 because it thought the price (up from around \$6¢ to \$2 a lb.) was exorbitant, Bolivia has suffered severe economic cramps (TIME,

May 5, 1952 et seq.). Negotiations with the U.S. for a new, long-term contract were not helped when Bolivia nationalized its tin mines and offered to pay off investors, many of them in the U.S., at only one-third of the value of the tin companies.

But three months ago the Bolivian government, keenly aware that the U.S. (the world's biggest tin consumer) would refuse to buy Bolivia's tin unless some fair plan was worked out to repay the stockholders, announced an agreement insuring compensation. On sales of tin at prices between \$1.00 and \$1.21½ a lb., 5% of revenues will go toward compensation claims; between 90¢ and \$1.05, Bolivia will set aside 2½%; between 80¢ and 90¢, 1%; and below 80¢, nothing. Even at that, it will take investors a long time to get their money. Current New York price for tin: around \$1¢.

A FEDERAL SALES TAX

One Way to a Balanced Budget?

NO proposed tax has been more bitterly opposed in the U.S. than a federal sales tax. Nevertheless, the Administration is studying such a tax as one of the few practical means left to get the Government out of the red. In spite of a \$5 billion cut in the current budget, the U.S. is still running a \$5.6 billion deficit. Worse still, the Government will soon lose \$3 billion a year in present revenues, since it is committed to letting some emergency taxes die next year—the excess profits tax, the 10% emergency boost in personal income taxes, the temporary 5% boost in corporate rates. And with Russia's super bomb raising some profound questions of U.S. defense strategy (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), defense spending may have to be raised.

If the U.S. is ever going to balance the budget, new sources of revenue must be found, since present sources have just about reached the point of diminishing returns. Corporate taxes are already so high as to inhibit industrial growth; income taxes have reached such a high level that if the U.S. confiscated every penny of individual income over \$10,000 a year it would only get \$3.5 billion in additional revenue. But each 1% of a sales tax would yield \$800 million if imposed at the manufacturer's level and \$1.2 billion if put on retail sales. Since a retail tax would mean the checking of 3,000,000 stores, thus be expensive and hard to collect, those who favor the tax want it at the manufacturer's level.

The Administration is still divided on whether a sales tax should be proposed. Many politicians believe it would be political suicide, would raise the old cry of a plot to "soak the poor." But a sales tax may not be so explosive an issue as politicians think. For one thing, 31 states and even a few cities, e.g., New York and Baton Rouge, already have them. Britain has had sales taxes for years, and Canada gets 16% of its revenue from such a tax.

Actually, the U.S. now has a partial system of sales taxes through the excise taxes (up to 40% on tobacco and liquor), the emergency "luxury" taxes of 20% on cosmetics, jewelry, luggage, theater admissions and furs, the 15% levy on travel, telephone calls and sporting goods, and 10% on autos, refrigerators and TV sets. One advantage of a general sales tax is that it would replace this crazy-quilt discriminatory structure with a uniform tax (except on tobacco, gasoline and liquor, which probably would be left as is).

There are other arguments in favor of a national sales tax. Its yield is easy to predict, and at the manufacturer's

level would be relatively easy to collect (only 300,000 outlets need be policed). Such a 10% tax (equal to a 5% tax at retail) would just about make up the \$8 billion the Government will lose by the expiration of present taxes. It would also broaden the tax base so that the 25 million wage earners who now pay no federal income tax would share some of the tax burden.

The chief arguments against the tax are that 1) those in the lowest brackets pay the highest tax proportionately because they are forced to spend most of their income on living essentials, and 2) it cuts the buying power of the groups that buy the biggest share of goods, thus is apt to hurt sales. Moreover, a manufacturer's tax would pyramid if a retailer included it in the price on which he figured his markup. Thus a 5¢ tax on a manufactured item could get marked up to 10¢. Above all, such a tax would cut sales now when there are evidences of overproduction and possible deflation.

All of these objections have validity. Most of the revenue raised by a sales tax would have to come from those with middle- and lower-bracket incomes because they form the majority of the population. But it would hardly "soak the poor," since food and housing and medical expenses, on which the lowest-income families spend as much as 65% of their earnings, would be exempt under all proposed plans. Instead, the biggest dent, dollarwise, would be made on those who have the most to spend on nonessentials. As for a pyramiding of the tax, Congress could easily prevent this by requiring retailers to leave out the tax when computing markups. The tax might restrict sales temporarily. But at the same time a deflationary period might be the best time—politically—to impose such a tax, since its impact would be less if imposed on falling prices.

Opponents of the sales tax often brand it a "businessman's tax" in the belief that it would shift more of the tax burden from corporations to individuals. But businessmen themselves are divided on the tax. The National Association of Manufacturers advocates a manufacturer's tax. The Committee for Economic Development and most retailers fight a sales tax for fear that it might depress sales. But on balance all the admitted evils of a sales tax seem less than those of the probable alternatives of again boosting income and corporate taxes. At least, a federal sales tax would make all citizens conscious of the cost of Government, and by so doing, increase by that much their zeal to keep it down.

REAL ESTATE

Potomac Plaza

Not much more than a stone's throw from the Lincoln Memorial in Washington is a barren, 11½-acre tract on the Potomac on which stand only two empty gas storage tanks. Last week a New York building syndicate announced that it plans to build there a \$70 to \$80 million Rockefeller Center-like development, with six office buildings, a shopping center, raised plaza and skating rink, 1,003-room hotel, 2,000-car underground garage and two apartment buildings.

The man behind Potomac Parkway Plaza is George Preston Marshall, laundryman and owner of the Washington Redskins football team. For years he has thought that the land should be developed, and last year he persuaded Builder John W. Harris, who put up Washington's Statler Hotel, to form a syndicate to take an option on the land. Though the financing of the development is not completed and only the hotel and one office building (to cost a combined \$30 million), and the plaza and garage have reached the blueprint stage, construction is expected to begin within six months.

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Flying Yorkshireman

Out of Southampton one day last week sailed a cargo of six knocked-down British tractors, bound for India. Their builder, David Brown, 50, Britain's third biggest maker of tractors (after Harry Ferguson and Ford), had stolen a march on competitors. Instead of trying to hurdle India's import barriers on foreign goods, he had signed a deal with Bombay's locally owned Mahindra-Mahindra plant to assemble and sell his machines. After the tractors, Brown dispatched a team of instructor technicians to set up a tractor school in India. Before long, he hopes to have Mahindra-Mahindra making the complete David Brown tractor on license.

Such enterprise has made David Brown Corp., Ltd.—one of Britain's few remaining large family-owned companies—one of the country's fastest growing. David Brown's industrial empire (18 plants) sprawls from Australia to South Africa, turning out everything from gears and castings to oilfield equipment, tractors and automobiles (the famed Aston Martin sports car).

A Will to Grow. The company's biggest growth has come during the 20 years since Yorkshire-born David Brown, grandson of the founder, succeeded his father in the family business. Fresh from an American tour and full of Yankee ideas of expansion, Brown wanted to expand the company, then Britain's biggest gear maker, into other products.

In 1935, he moved into one of England's most depressed areas, Penistone, Yorkshire, and, against his father's warnings of the lack of skilled labor, started a steel and bronze foundry. He developed simplified techniques which required only a handful of skilled men, used unskilled

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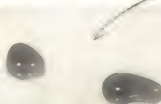
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DAVID BROWN & ASTON MARTIN DB-3 RACER
He moves fast in tractors, too.

workers for the rest, thus kept down costs. The foundry prospered, and Brown made a deal with Harry Ferguson to start making his tractors. But they soon disagreed. In 1930, after Ferguson made a new deal with the late Henry Ford, Brown began making his own tractors. They cost more than Ford's or Ferguson's, but Brown said simply: "If we can't be the cheapest, let's be the best." He laid down the rule that the tractors should be "solid, comfortable to sit on, as weatherproof as possible, and as easy to drive as a car."

A Fast Track. Brown's ideas paid off. When the government tried to stop his tractor-making during the war so that he could concentrate on making gears for the military, he persuaded it that tractors were essential, too, and kept on expanding. At war's end, with U.S. tractor imports restricted by the dollar shortage, he grabbed the opportunity, got the materials he needed to continue expanding.

Brown now sells abroad fully three-fourths of his present tractor production of 8,000 a year. Out of the profits, he bought up the sickly Aston Martin Ltd., and began designing, in 1947, the sleek, swift "DB" (for David Brown) sports cars, which were soon winning many a British and European trophy. Brown turned each year's racing model into the following year's production model, also produced a luxurious, saloon-type car (the Lagonda). Although production is limited (about ten a week) and the cars are virtually handmade, they have earned Brown plenty of prestige and some profits. This year his DB-3 latest racers have won six out of eight races, including England's premier race, the T.T. (for Tourist Trophy).

A Knack to Manage. David Brown has done more than show Britain's manufacturers how to move faster. He has been far ahead of most in finding ways of improving morale and productivity of his workers and developing his executives from their ranks. When a 25-acre estate and mansion near one plant became vacant in 1944, Brown transformed it into a dining room and social center for his workers. He turned his former home at Huddersfield into a guest house for his executives.

Brown has given up racing himself (though his 21-year-old daughter Angela and son David Jr. race), but he still rides in county point-to-point races on the thoroughbreds he raises on his 700-acre farm, Chequers Manor, near London. A licensed pilot, he often flies his own plane on business trips. In his hunt for new markets all over the globe, he has found he can ship British tractors through the Panama Canal cheaply enough to compete with Midwest tractor makers for Californian sales. Says he: "We wouldn't try to sell in the Midwest, because those farmers are like our Yorkshiremen—inclined to distrust a product they don't know. Californians are willing to try something new."

INDUSTRY

The North v. the South

Can a Northern manufacturer cut production costs by moving to the South? Many a manufacturer has answered yes and made the move in the belief that lower wages and taxes would enable him to produce more cheaply. Last week, in the current issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, Management Consultant John O. Tomb held up a warning finger. Says he: "As a section, the South no longer offers a guarantee of lower costs than the North."

The change is due chiefly to the rapid expansion which has already taken place in the South's economy. Between 1939 and 1951, sales of goods manufactured in the twelve southeastern states rose 145%, to 86% for the nation as a whole; construction in the South rose 268%, to 183% nationwide; half the scheduled expansion of the chemical industry and four-fifths of the expansion in the pulp and paper industry are planned for the South. As the industrialization of the South continues, cost gaps will continue to close. Says Tomb: "The South's once plentiful supply of labor is diminishing. Increasing competition in the labor market . . . is being reflected in higher pay rates, lower productivity, and added fringe benefits. Moreover, even where labor costs are low now . . . the advantage may be lost by the time a new plant is built or an old one bought and remodeled."

Early Birds. While "manufacturers who capitalized in years past upon the economic immaturity of the South profited handsomely," others are now finding the opportunities dwindling. Example: a textile machinery manufacturer who needed to rebuild his plants found that a 10% wage differential favored relocation in the South, but decided that in five years there would be no "substantial differential in wages." Average hourly production wage rates are actually higher in such Southern cities as Birmingham (\$1.51) and Memphis (\$1.44) than in Manchester, N.H. (\$1.41) and Lancaster, Pa. (\$1.43). As for state and local taxes, a University of North Carolina study of a hosiery and a furniture company showed that their tax bills would be lower in Ohio, Michigan or New York than in Mississippi, Georgia or Arkansas.

New Approach. Manufacturers should study future tax needs of any community, before moving there, Tomb warns. "Southern states have a larger proportion of school-age children and correspondingly larger needs for educational funds . . . As southern cities and towns grow with the expansion of industrial activity, everyone will want and need more housing, hospitals, roads, and soon. These will have to be provided at today's higher cost."

Tomb concedes that a careful study may find many places in the South where the economic climate is still inviting, but he warns that a change in scene is not always the solution to a company's troubles. Says he: "Some Northern companies have run into difficulty not because they are located in the North, but, in the final analysis, because they have failed to keep up with competition in the concepts . . . of modern management . . . [A] new management approach . . . can work wonders equally well in the North."

Automatic Factory

In a compact little factory on the outskirts of Washington, executives and technicians from 200 companies in the electronics industry last week inspected a secret project of the Navy. After three years, and \$4,700,000 spent in experiments on "Project Tinkertoy," the Navy and the National Bureau of Standards had developed an almost automatic assembly line for many electronic parts.

Since the end of World War II, the Navy has been worried about bottlenecks in the electronics industry which might slow up war production in a national emergency. While electronic equipment is used in almost every modern weapon, as well as a wide variety of peacetime products, the industry relies largely on handwork (i.e., soldering and wiring) to put together complicated assemblies. Any major expansion of the industry, the Navy realized, would be slow and costly, and would call for big additions of skilled manpower that would not be available.

When the Navy learned that the Bureau of Standards was working on the same problem, the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics decided to underwrite the experiments. To get mass production, NBS



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On its 21 automatic machines, Project Tinkertoy now turns out 200 to 300 finished units an hour. Production goal: 1,000 an hour. Cost per unit: 50¢, about half as much as the conventional unit. The Government holds all patents, will let anyone use them. Said one Navyman: "The field is wide open . . . We hope that private industry will pick up the ball and run with it."

SMALL BUSINESS

Dottie's Dough

Until she broke her leg in a fall last year, Mrs. Dorothy Ferguson, 39, of Greeley, Colo. liked to putter about the kitchen just like any other housewife, occasionally whipping up a batch of cookies for her husband and two daughters. By last week Housewife Ferguson had become the busiest, most prominent businesswoman in Greeley (pop. 20,000), and dozens of her neighbors were in business with her.

While waiting for her fracture to heal, Dottie Ferguson got to thinking "what a wonderful thing it would be if you could just go to the refrigerator, haul out a package of dough and bake the cookies." With plenty of time on her hands, she began to experiment with freezing cookie dough. After hundreds of different experimental batches, Dottie finally hit upon the right formula, hobbled over on her crutches to Grocer Dale Smith and sold him a boxful. Grocer Smith was soon selling as many boxes as Dottie Ferguson could turn out. She invested in a larger mixer, then in a battery of mixers that crowded her kitchen and basement. But still she could not keep up with the pile of orders.

Dottie Ferguson and her husband Frank incorporated the cookie-making venture as Dorothy Ferguson, Inc., issued 60,000 shares of stock and began selling it at \$2 a share. Greeley townsfolk, from the doctor who set her leg to the garage owner who serviced her refrigeration, bought the stock. Soon Dottie's Quickie Cookies grew so big that Frank had to leave his job with Greeley's Consumer Oil Co. to devote all his time to managing the plant and designing special equipment for freezing the dough. In July the Fergusons moved into a new \$16,000 plant with a capacity of 1,000 doz. packages an hour.

Dottie bakes her cookies in four flavors (almond butter, chocolate pecan, butter-scotch nut, oatmeal pecan), but the spe-



BAKER FERGUSON
She capitalized on frozen assets.

cial ingredients that keep her dough fresh-frozen, she says, "really are my secret." To expand distribution (now in Chicago, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming) and promote new products (e.g., shortcake), her major stockholders last week voted to reorganize as a \$300,000 corporation, exchanging for five shares of the old \$2 stock $1\frac{1}{2}$ shares of new \$1 stock. Says Baker Ferguson, who expects to gross \$60,000 this year: "We had the most interesting little business when we started, and we all had a lot of fun with it—that was all—and look at us now."

SELLING

Death of the Salesmen

Like most merchants, the managers of the Southern States Cooperative, one of the three top U.S. farm supply co-ops, are well aware of the decline in old-fashioned retail salesmanship. Last week, at their annual meeting in Richmond, the co-op's 60 district field managers, who run 125 retail stores, conducted their own shopping experiment. Each one started on an hour's shopping tour to see if clerks could persuade him to buy \$5 worth of goods. They bought little. Out of their \$300 total, they spent only \$103.79. Twenty-nine shoppers spent less than \$1 each, 37 spent less than \$2. Four buyers came back empty-handed; they could not even get waited on. One of them had asked for a toothbrush, was told: "They're down there. Go get yourself one."

In only a few instances did Richmond sales clerks show any enterprise. In one drugstore, a shopper who had bought a toothbrush was also offered a deodorant. "Do you think I need it?" he asked. There followed a long, painful silence. He reluctantly bought the deodorant and reported: "There's one woman clerk who doesn't have to be told anything about the way to make a sale."



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Robe (20th Century-Fox), ablaze with Technicolor and alive with romance, action and Biblical pageantry, is Hollywood at its supercolossal best. It also represents an important new technical advance—CinemaScope—that may ultimately doom 3-D as well as ordinary "flat" movies. For the first feature in gigantic CinemaScope, Producer Frank Ross came forward with a gigantic story: early Christianity under the Roman Empire. Based on the famed bestseller of the late Rev. Lloyd C. Douglas, the film contains more piety than wit and more spectacle than humanity, but it is ably served by a competent cast headed by Britain's Richard (My Cousin Rachel) Burton.

The picture ends as Burton defends his new faith before the demented Emperor.

Director Henry Koster and Scriptwriter Philip Dunne have made a real effort to avoid the pitfalls of Biblical movies by balancing the saintly preaching of Dean Jagger (as Justus) and Michael Rennie (as Peter) with the muscular Christianity of Burton and Mature. There is a minimum of the sex and sadism that usually characterize Hollywood's explorations of Holy Writ. The CinemaScope screen is handsomely utilized for swordplay, torture chambers and a thundering chase sequence as well as for dramatic shots of the Way of the Cross and Christ's entrance into Jerusalem the week before the Crucifixion. Alfred Newman's music is especially effective in the Palm Sunday

"flat," ordinary films. Can CinemaScope be used for anything except ponderous spectacles and chorus lines? Twentieth Century-Fox's Production Chief Darryl Zanuck thinks it can, and will attempt to prove his point with the soon to be released *How to Marry a Millionaire*; a lightweight comedy starring Marilyn Monroe. In fact, Zanuck has placed \$35 million worth of eggs in his CinemaScope basket by scheduling a total of 14 pictures for wide-screen production. Already made: a sequel to *The Robe* called *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, and such swashbucklers as *Prince Valiant*, *Hell and High Water* and *King of the Khyber Rifles*.

The Caddy (Paramount) is about the best that can be expected these days from Comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, a couple of wonderfully silly geese. They are at their funniest in the chummy atmos-



JEAN SIMMONS & RICHARD BURTON (IN CINEMA SCOPE PROPORTIONS)
Supercolossal.

As an epicurean Roman grudgingly won over to evangelical Christianity, highborn Burton is the successful rival of Prince Regent Caligula (Jay Robinson) for the hand of Jean Simmons, a ward of the Emperor Tiberius. When he further annoys the evil Caligula by outbidding him for a particularly stiff-necked Greek slave (Victor Mature), Burton is exiled to Palestine, where he lolls decadently in the baths and drinks wine while his slave Mature becomes a convert to the new religion.

Handed the routine military job of supervising the execution of Christ ("a fanatical troublemaker"), Burton passes the time on Calvary by winning Christ's robe in a dice game. In the earth-shaking storm that follows the Crucifixion, Burton loses his robe, his slave and apparently his sanity. Returned to Italy, he becomes convinced that he was bewitched by the dead Messiah, and accepts an imperial commission to go back to Palestine to investigate the un-Roman activities of the new sect. He finds Mature and the robe at Cana, in Galilee, but exposure to the gentle habits of the Cana Christians puts him on the road to conversion. The final act is played in Rome, with Caligula on the throne and the Christians hiding in the catacombs.

hymn and in a ballad charmingly sung by Betta (*South Pacific*) St. John.

The Robe would have been a good movie in two-dimensional black and white. In CinemaScope, which uses a wide-angle lens to throw its picture on a curved screen nearly three times the normal width, it all but overpowers the eye with spectacular movie murals of slave markets, imperial cities, grandiose palaces and panoramic landscapes that are neither distorted nor require the use of polarized glasses. In CinemaScope closeups, the actors are so big that an average adult could stand erect in Victor Mature's ear, and its four-directional sound track often rises to a crescendo loud enough to make moviegoers feel as though they were locked in a bell tower during the Angelus. Obviously, Hollywood has finally found something louder, more colorful and breathtakingly bigger than anything likely to be seen on a home TV screen for years to come.

But it has not found the answer to all of Hollywood's ills. Moviegoers may not want to be inundated with furious sight and sound every day of the week. And, impressive as is the wide CinemaScope screen, it is also curiously oppressive for eyes trained to the simpler demands of

phere of a nightclub, where Dean can spread on his ultraviolet charm, and where Jerry's back teeth are as near to a customer's hand as the sugar lumps.

But their films (except for *The Stooge*) have tried, without notable success, to maintain the nightclub pace for a full 90 minutes. *Caddy* at least makes a pass, however feeble, at telling a story: Dean and Jerry, a golf pro and his caddy, are such cut-ups from tee-off to hole-down that they are driven off the golf courses of the nation and into show business. In transit, Jerry does a memorable song & dance routine, playing an international-set sissy, and manages not to offend because he never for an instant loses the idiotic innocence of a small boy showing the gang what his big sister does in front of the mirror.

Unfortunately the film fails, like most of its predecessors, to exploit Jerry's unusual gift for "gallows laughter," the rich, traditional Jewish humor of the *schlemiel*,* which he is sacrificing for the easy money in pun and jargon and in the barefaced leer.

* Defined by Sholem Aleichem as a man who escapes only imaginary dangers.



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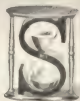
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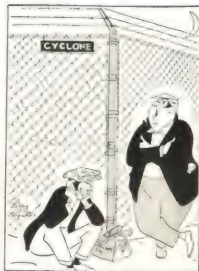
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UNITED STATES STEEL

Island in the Sky (Warner) opens with a crash landing in the frozen Canadian North and closes, naturally enough, with the rescue of the survivors. Based on a novel by Ernest Gann, the film gives Director William (Battleground) Wellman a fine documentary chance to explore the hazards of arctic flying and to train his camera on a bleak but beautiful terrain (the picture was made, not in Labrador, but in the Donner Lake region of northern California). What slows things down is the high-blown rhetoric of the script, the tediously familiar characterizations of the flyers, and the endless invisible choirs that



JOHN WAYNE
Lean, leathery, tedious.

form the musical background of every shot of storm-cleared sky.

As the pilot of the downed transport, John Wayne plays perfectly the lean and leathery hero that has made him a top box-office attraction for years. His crew is pictured as a pack of irresponsible children who would not last ten minutes in the wilderness without Wayne's paternal guidance; one of them does not follow Wayne's orders, and as a result freezes to death; Wayne has to slap another out of hysteria, cajole a third into courage. The high-strung pilots of the rescue planes include such familiar character actors as Andy Devine and Allyn Joslyn.

Play Ball!

As the baseball season comes to a climax, Hollywood is ready with a couple of exhibitions to catch the overflow at the ballparks.

Big Leaguer (M-G-M) is a small tribute to the rookie farm that the New York Giants open in Florida every spring. Everything builds up steadily to the big



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THE WORLD OVER REMEDY



final game with the Brooklyn rookies. The Giants win, that nice young third baseman gets the girl and the minor-league contract, and Edward G. Robinson (as Hans Lobert, the farm's manager) has a chance to say a few words that may reconcile baseball fans to some of the holding they will see in the picture. "Baseball," he explains, "builds character."

The moral of *The Kid from Left Field* (20th Century-Fox) would seem to be that nobody in baseball has the brains of a nine-year-old child. In this picture, a nine-year-old boy (Billy Chapin) is made manager of a last-place club, and calmly proceeds to win a major-league pennant. He does get a little help, of course, from his daddy (Dan Dailey), a peanut vendor in the stands, but to balance that, he gets into some real trouble with the truant officer. Best shot: the boy wonder placidly popping bubble gum with the bases loaded and two out in the last inning of a crucial series.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert, as Director William Wyler adds some new twists to a popular old comedy-romance plot (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller and filled with the salt spray and shellbursts of naval warfare (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Master of Ballantrae. Wielding his trusty claymore, Errol Flynn hacks his way from Scotland to the New World and back in a rousing film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's 18th century thriller (TIME, Aug. 3).

Return to Paradise. A totalitarian South Seas island gets an imaginative helping of love and democracy from Gary Cooper (TIME, July 20).

The Sea Around Us. The Technicolor camera prowls the ocean floor: some beautiful scenes, but lacking the majestic sweep of Rachel Carson's 1951 bestseller (TIME, July 20).

The Moon Is Blue. Disapproved by the Legion of Decency and the U.S. Navy, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. Why a small boy hates piano teachers, inventively told in Technicolor (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood comes to grips with Shakespeare and, for once, very nearly holds its own (TIME, June 1).

Fanfan the Tulip. A farcical take-off on costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe as the swashbuckling hero: Gina Lollobrigida is the eye-filling heroine (TIME, May 11).

Shane. A horse opera brought to machine-tooled, Technicolor perfection; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).



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BOOKS

More & More Miraculous

SO LONG AS LOVE REMEMBERS (565 pp.)—Russell Janney—Hermitage House (\$3.95).

When Harvard wins "an important athletic contest," its undergraduates allow "youthful exuberance [to] overcome a natural scholastic reserve"—which is Russell Janney's way of saying that, here and there, hell breaks loose. So when lovely Olga Halka, Ziegfeld chorus girl and heroine of Janney's new novel, left the Boston Colonial Theater on such a victorious night, exuberant hearties closed in, dragged her off into the darkness. "Help!" screamed Olga. "Help!" Help came: a "huge figure" dressed in armor and wearing a golden cross. With stunning blows "from [his] mighty mailed fist" the apparition mowed down the Harvard line like a visitation from Yale. Olga scuttled to safety—and far away, "in the Early Gothic Room of the Cloisters in the northern tip of Manhattan," a stone statue of the Madonna broke into "a slow smile that became almost laughter."

These are but two of dozens of miracles that nestle in *So Long as Love Remembers* like no-hitters in *The Official Baseball Guide*. It was in 1946 that Yalemman ('06) Janney rang out his bestselling *Miracle of the Bells* (TIME, Sept. 16, 1946), and since 1951 he has been back in the old belfry composing a bigger and better supernatural peal. *So Long as Love Remembers* is the story of a young Viennese musician named "Tightpants" Halka, who emigrates to the U.S. under the protection of three guardian spirits: a Knight Templar (the one who saves Olga from Harvard), the Cloisters statue of the Madonna and an ex-captain of the S.S.



NOVELIST JANNEY
On a miracle spree.

Gene Pyle

Europa. In America, Tightpants marries Olga, who hails from Wilkes-Barre and is a living replica of the Madonna. She is also musically inclined and bats out a lyric entitled *Bungalow on Broadway*, which is all set to be the hit of a new Ziegfeld show. But Ziegfeld dies, *Bungalow* is shelved, and Olga develops cancer. While her life is ebbing, Tightpants has to keep his upper lip stiff and accompany two comedians "in a battle with lemon meringue pies." Tears pour from the stone Madonna's eyes, her breast turns red with grief. When Olga goes to Heaven the Madonna stops crying and turns "to purest white."

Tightpants battles on alone, aided only by miracles. His *Olga Song* ("Olga—whose eyes were violets / Olga—whose tears were pearls . . .") is a smash hit, partly because Olga comes "down" with a heavenly choir and sings it herself. His *Olga Lasenka Symphony* is hailed as "as great as Sibelius' *Finlandia*." But Tightpants is not present when it is performed in Carnegie Hall. Burned to death in a nightclub fire, he has joined Olga in the homeland of a Wilkes-Barre grave.

The cemetery in which Olga and Tightpants lie is "a Catholic one, a Faith that still believes in miracles."

History as a River

THE RENAISSANCE (776 pp.)—Will Durant—Simon & Schuster (\$7.50).

The notion of writing a history of civilization first occurred to Will Durant in Damascus in 1912. He had come down with dysentery and had dredged out of his well-stocked memory the recollection that famed Historian Henry Thomas Buckle (1821-62) had died of the same disease* in the same city. What Buckle had never lived to do, 27-year-old Will Durant decided to do himself some day.

Several other occupations—teacher, anarchist fellow-traveler, popularizer of philosophy—claimed Will Durant's attention first. But last week, sitting in his comfortable Hollywood home, just a step from his own swimming pool, successful Historian Durant scribbled away, well beyond the halfway mark, at the job he marked out for himself in 1912. *The Renaissance* is the fifth fat volume in Will Durant's story of civilization, and like its predecessor volumes it is a highly readable and informative popular survey.

"The history of civilization," Historian Durant once said in definition of his method, "is a river on whose waters soldiers and politicians are fighting and shedding ballots and blood; but on the banks of the river, people are raising children, building homes, making scientific inventions, puzzling about the universe, writing music and literature." In *The Renaissance* Durant pays just enough mind to the soldiers and politicians to establish the drift of the



Murphy Garrett—Graphic House
HISTORIAN DURANT
On the road from Damascus.

times, then quickly joins the builders on the banks.

Medicis in Action. The Renaissance, as he lays it out, "first of all . . . took money—smelly bourgeois money"; and he grows for good measure a byword of the 19th century materialism that shaped his attitude: "Money is the root of all civilization." Following this economic predilection, Durant gives the clearest description in any one-volume history of the age of the fiscal and political hobnob of Florence, where those hardy perennials, the Medici, first reared their brilliant heads. Item: he recites with delight how the fiscal-minded Florentines won a war against Venice and Naples by calling in so many loans that the rival cities were thrown into a financial panic. In spiritual things as well, Durant does a truer set on his subject than many a more academic historian. He catches gracefully "the integral spirit" of the age in aptly chosen quotations and lets the earthy irreverence of the era bubble up too, as it does in the credo of Luigi Pulci, a favorite of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

*I don't believe in black more than in blue,
But in fat capons, boiled or maybe roasted;
And I believe sometimes in butter, too,
In beer and must, where bobs a pippin toasted;
But mostly to old wine my faith I pin,
And hold him saved who firmly trusts therein . . .*

Careful palates may protest sometimes at Will's beer, for all the pippins bobbing in it, but Will himself, who in grammar school literally had to be tied to his bench, can understandably be pleased with his intellectual achievement.

Scholar in Progress. Notwithstanding a certain obstreperousness, Will Durant was always a bright student, so bright that the Jesuits at St. Peter's College in

* A case of slightly faulty memory, since Buckle died after an attack of typhoid fever.



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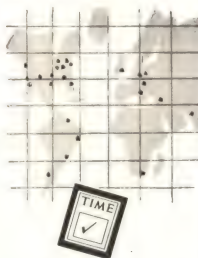
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Jersey City early marked him as a boy with a priestly vocation. At 18, Will read Darwin and became an atheist. A Jesuit father won him back and Will went on to the seminary, but in his second year he quit school and turned atheist again.

Will plunged into the anarchist movement, but not long after was somewhat shaken in his radical sympathies by a bomb, designed by one of his friends to separate John D. Rockefeller from his millions, which exploded prematurely in Will's room. Three young anarchists were killed, but Will got away with a whole skin. At 27, after his journey to Damascus, Will began to feel a surfeit of lost causes, got married to a girl of 15, and settled down to a slow drift back to the right.

In 1926, after winning his doctorate in philosophy at Columbia, Will Durant published his lectures as *The Story of Philosophy*. It was a runaway bestseller then, and it is a pretty vigorous one now—in 27 years it has sold more than 2,000,000 copies. The author still enjoys its royalties and takes the justification of his work from what famed John Dewey said of his first book: "This is not popularization. It's humanization."

Will was a natural celebrity. While he labored in silence on the early volumes of his history, he expounded enthusiastically on anything reporters cared to ask him. People? "Most men ought to die at 35." America? "American civilization may collapse unless it stops breeding from the bottom and dying from the top." As for polygamy, he said a word for it "on eugenic grounds."

At 67, white-thatched Will sits quietly at his writing desk eleven hours a day, leaving it only to eat, sleep and putter in the garden or dip in the pool. At this rate he finishes a volume about every five years. Two more volumes and, he says, the job will be over. "In ten years I will be 77 years old and not mentally fit to deal with the 19th century. I'll complete the project by bringing it up to Napoleon ... I'll end up with a big splash, all sorts of blood spurting around."

The Doctor & the Sage

TOLSTOY: A LIFE OF MY FATHER (543 pp.)—Alexandra Tolstoy—Harper (\$5).
CHEKHOV: A LIFE (431 pp.)—David Magarshack—Grove Press (\$6).

Count Leo Tolstoy believed that "gymnastics do not interfere with running an estate." His serfs disagreed. "You come to the master for orders," complained the village elder, "and the master in a red shirt is hanging upside down from a pole; his hair is all hanging around, his face flushed. You don't know whether to listen to orders or stand and gape."

Most Russians found themselves in the elder's predicament when Tolstoy, his face more flushed than ever, started pole-hanging in the sphere of politics and morals. Some listened passionately to his revolutionary edicts; others gaped and wished the old man would stick to art. Anton Chekhov, who was born (1860) 32 years after Tolstoy, started by listening, but

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CHEKHOV & TOLSTOY (1902)
General symptom: dissatisfaction with the existing world.

eventually decided that he could do better gymnastics of his own.

Alexandra, youngest of Tolstoy's daughters, has written the umpteenth story of her father's life, coincident with the publication of a new, grand-scale biography of Chekhov. Author Tolstoy was her father's secretary, and her book is a useful, bulky filing cabinet of Tolstoyana, though empty of literary substance. David Magarshack is a pundit of the Russian drama who has already written a life of Producer Stanislavsky and a study of Chekhov's plays. His huge, valuable *Chekhov* resembles Tolstoy only in that it, too, is more a receptacle for facts than a vehicle of literary criticism.

Aristocrat in a Blouse. Apart from a penchant for beards, these two great men are a fascinating study of human contrasts. Tolstoy was a son of the minor aristocracy who entered Manchuria as an artillery officer (he fought at Sevastopol) and ended it trying to be as much like a peasant as possible. The more he saw of contemporary society, the more he despised it; the more he wrote, the more contemptuous he became of "style" and "art." "The patient's special obsession," he wrote, in a mock case-history of himself, "is that he believes it possible to alter the lives of others by means of the word. General symptoms: dissatisfaction with the existing order, condemnation of everyone except himself."

People flocked to visit the author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. They met, instead, a bearded, bearish moralist who had put all such vanities behind him. Most of the trouble in the world, pious Leo Tolstoy believed, was caused by man's passion for burying the Ten Commandments under heaps of verbiage. Educators, churchmen, politicians and pundits of every kind were all dedicated to the proposition that the simple truths of life, death and religion must be twisted into lies. The peasant blouse which Tolstoy loved to

wear was not a cover for his body; it was his challenge to a tailored world.

Climber from the Steppes. Unlike Count Tolstoy, Anton Chekhov was born to the blouse. His grandfather was a freed serf, his father a petty storekeeper in the steppes. The aim of the Chekhov family was to win everything that Tolstoy wanted to lose—money, social standing, polish, orthodox morality and etiquette. Like many a determined climber, father Chekhov kept his family moving up by goading them savagely. "[He] began to teach me, or, to put it more plainly, whip me," said Chekhov, "when I was only five . . . He whipped me, boxed my ears, hit me over the head, and the first question I asked myself on awakening . . . was: 'Will I be whipped again today?'"

Father Chekhov went broke, and the whole family (of eight) moved to "a dark basement in one of the worst slums in Moscow." But father Chekhov's pomposity was not humbled by disaster. One of his first acts on arriving in the basement was to pin to the wall a paper entitled: "Duties & Regulations of the Domestic Resident in Moscow."

Thus, from the start, young Chekhov had his nose rubbed in all the sharpest aspects of poverty and keeping-up-with-the-Ivanovs. His brothers averted their eyes and took to drink, but Anton grew tough as steel. Long before he took his medical degree, he was the main support of the whole family, and, like Tolstoy, had learned to loathe those who tried to prettify and disguise the hard facts of life. He had also learned never to pretend to knowledge or emotions which he did not have. "I don't understand anything about the ballet," he once said. "All I know about it is that during the intervals the ballerinas stink like horses."

A Trip to Siberia. The remarkable thing is that Chekhov managed to laugh in the face of hard facts. Like the young



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Tolstoy, he became a gay dog with a strong liking for wine and women. He also became a radical and agnostic, and he had barely begun medical practice when tuberculosis began to ruin his health.

He took up literature simply to make money. With a vigor that Balzac might have envied, this ailing young man churned out some 600 short stories in five years. Tolstoy read some of these sharp, witty dissections of human folly and raised respectful eyebrows, but Chekhov himself only scoffed. He was a doctor, he said, not a writer. "Medicine is my lawful wife and literature my mistress. When I get tired of one I spend a night with the other."

When, at last, Chekhov began to take his literature seriously, he used Tolstoy as his guinea pig, rewriting the great man's stories in his own way. And, as his painful childhood memories began to recede, Chekhov also became receptive to Tolstoy's teachings. Nonviolence, passive resistance to autocracy and force, art for morality's sake—for some years these became Chekhov's own messages. Like Tolstoy, he put his beliefs into practice in the form of free medical attention for the poor and a firsthand study and exposé of the Siberian prison system.

So, for a short moment, the two great men of letters stood in alliance. But the breach came soon after Chekhov returned from his Siberian tour, horrified by what he had seen. "How," he asked, "did Tolstoy's theory of nonresistance to evil stand up . . . ? Did the convicts' nonresistance to flogging or forced labor or blackmail or prostitution transform them or those who were responsible for them into better men? . . . On the contrary, it turned them into bigger brutes." Soon Chekhov was warring with every Tolstoyan tenet, particularly the idea that "Christian love was incompatible with sexual love." And just who, demanded Chekhov, were these wonderful peasants Tolstoy was always talking about? He himself had "peasant blood in my veins" and bore the marks of peasant beatings. What did the count know about such things?

A Military Ending. When at last they met—the peasant-bloused count and the well-dressed shopkeeper's son—they wanted to like each other. Chekhov tried to forget Tolstoy's views on art, sex and nonviolence; Tolstoy tried to forget Chekhov's atheism and artistic refinement. Then each went his way, Tolstoy to further brooding and writing on man's rejection of his God-given destiny, Chekhov to those triumphs of human vivisection, *The Seagull* and *The Cherry Orchard*.

Their respective attitudes to life were neatly reflected in their deaths. Tolstoy died in a stationmaster's house when running away to embrace the life of private solitude and renunciation that he had preached so long. For Chekhov, killed by tuberculosis at 44, death staged an incomparable piece of pure Chekhov. The funeral procession became entwined with that of a Russian general. Why, wondered Chekhov's mourners, was the great artist being buried with a military band?



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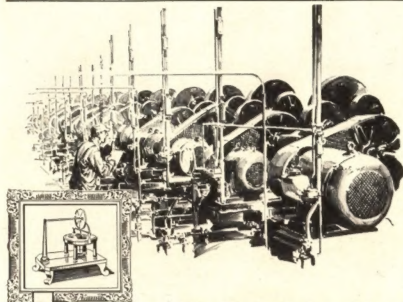
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Our dependence upon electricity has grown fast since 1837 when Tom Davenport used his wife's petticoat to insulate the first electric motor. Now electricity cooks and freezes for us; turns night to day. It carries sights and sounds through the air; drives the machines that make mass production possible.

But improvements in the insulating materials that harness electricity have lagged behind. The greatest single improvement came less than ten years ago when Dow Corning introduced the first silicone resins. Chemical cousins of glass, these resins complement glass cloth, mica and asbestos. They double the power per pound ratio in electric machines; multiply their life expectancy by ten. Here's a typical example of what that means. To increase output of chemicals, engineers **rewound 31 motors with Silicone (Class H) Insulation; increased pumping capacity by 30%; saved \$50,000.**

Rated at 50 and 60 hp, those motors were rebuilt with Class H insulation to deliver 75 to 90 hp. It would have cost \$68,200 to install new, conventional 75 hp motors. Rewinding cost only \$19,000. And failure rate on the old 50 and 60 hp motors was one a month, 48 failures in 4 years. Rewound with Class H insulation, those same motors have delivered at least 50% more power for 4 years with only 6 failures. Equally useful in the form of fluids, lubricants, protective coatings, water repellents and rubbery solids it will pay you to find out how

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Dead Reckoning. In Bisertsa, Greece, after 65-year-old Vassilis Paliodimas was pronounced dead, his three sons started squabbling over their inheritance, stopped arguing when Paliodimas unexpectedly revived and disinherited all three.

What Every Hostess Knows. In Saint John, N.B., the *Telegraph-Journal* reported: "Mrs. Howard Geldart entertained the members of St. Paul's Church Mothers Union . . . Covers were laid for 30 guests. Friends of Mrs. Geldart will regret to learn that she is now a patient in the Saint John General Hospital."

Forecast. In Stockton, Calif., Jack Myers, new football coach at College of the Pacific, listed the coming season's first three opponents, then paused and declared: "There's no use going any further. I won't be around after that."

Literal Translation. In Lorain, Ohio, Earl Duke, 25, asked a bus driver for directions, was told to "take a Broadway bus," minutes later wound up in jail charged with bus theft and intoxication.

Modern Times. In Springfield, Ill., five-year-old Marsha Howard reported to her family that kindergarten offered only "tricycles and bicycles and a little red wagon for little kids," refused to go back because "they don't teach typing or arithmetic."

Wrong Number. In El Paso, Francisco Lopez, 21, fined \$100 for turning in a false alarm, pleaded that he had mistaken the fire alarm box for a public telephone.

Nothing but the Truth. In West Warwick, R.I., asked by the judge to explain why he ignored a policeman's signal to stop and instead snapped off his car lights and sped away, Motorist Paul R. McKenna answered: "I didn't want to be caught."

Extra Duty. In Knoxville, Tenn., Mrs. Reba Rhea, suing for divorce, charged that her husband, John C. Rhea, forced her to sit with a two-year-old girl while he went out with the child's mother.

Personal Effects. In Rio de Janeiro, customs officials checked U.S. Importer William O'Day's belongings, held up 800 cases of Scotch despite his contention that it was only "luggage."

On the Line. In Tokyo, the Japanese Telephone & Telegraph Co. proudly announced that it would start processing applications for telephone service dating back to 1906.

Budget Deficit. In London, the *Observer* quoted a Finnish magazine as reporting: "Thousands are getting married. Statistics show that 64,462 persons were married in Finland during 1952. Of these, 32,230 were women."

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 through the centuries. Famous, too,
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 a wee bit o' Scotland
 in a bottle!



Traditional Tartan
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